DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 404 228 SO 025 947

AUTHOR	Twining, Mary Arnold, Ed.
TITLE	The New Nomads: Art Life, and Lore of Migrant Workers in New York State.
INSTITUTION	New York Folklore Society, Newfield.
REPORT NO	ISSN-0361-204X
PUB DATE	87
NOTE	189p.
AVAILABLE FROM	New York Folklore Society, P.O. Box 130, Newfield, NY 14867 ($6).
PUB TYPE	Collected Works - Serials (022)
JOURNAL CIT	New York Folklore: The Journal of the New York Folklore Society; v13 n1-2 Win-Spr 1987
EDRS PRICE	MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS	Art Education; Black Culture; *Community Centers; Community Education; Community Programs; *Cultural Education; Cultural Maintenance; Cultural Opportunities; *Folk Culture; Haitians; Hispanic American Culture; *Migrant Programs; *Migrant Workers; Music; Oral Tradition; Personal Narratives; Poetry; *Seasonal Laborers; Sociocultural Patterns; Visual Arts
IDENTIFIERS	Folk Art; Folk Dance; Folk Music; *New York

ABSTRACT

Migrant farm workers are the concern and theme of this special serial issue. Migrant farm workers arrange much of their social and economic life around seasonal changes as they follow jobs up the eastern migrant stream to its northenmost part in New York state, then south to Florida. The education, health, and folk arts program at the Board of Cooperative Educational Services (BOCES)-Geneseo Migrant Center have impacted the lives of this constituency both during their sojourn in New York state and during their continuing journey in the migrant stream. The work of this Center is described in the introductory article, (1) "Introduction:The BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center: History and Development" (Gloria Mattera). Cultural education and folk arts are examined in: (2) "The Migrant Heritage Studies Kit: A Teaching Tool" (Robert E. Lynch); (3) "The Flower in the Boat: Folk Art of the Migrant Workers of Mid-New York State" (Mary Arnold Twining); (4) "Migrant Art: From Field to Gallery" (Sylvia Kelly); and (5) "The Expressive Culture of Migrant Farmworkers: Theme and Constraint in Contemporary Performance" (Sue Roark-Calnek). Other articles include: (6) "Making It To the Center: Migration and Adaptation among Haitian Boat People (Rose-Marie Chierici); (7) "'No One Sees Me, No One Cares:' Migrant Workers Speak" (Gloria Mattera; Robert Lynch; Sylvia Kelly); (8) "Through the Poet's Eyes" (Sylvia Kelly); and (9) "Field Notes" (Berrien Thorn). (NP)

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE

Migrant Workers

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Winter-Spring, 1987

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE

The Journal of the New York Folklore Society

(succeeds *New York Folklore Quarterly*, 1945-1974)

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE is published twice a year, in the Spring and Fall, and is distributed to members of the New York Folklore Society. Members receive also the quarterly *New York Folklore Newsletter*. Annual membership is $20 individual, $30 institional; foreign, add $5. Address all inquiries concerning membership, subscriptions, and items for the *Newsletter* to the Secretary-Treasurer, Daniel Franklin Ward, P.O. Box 678, Seneca Falls, N.Y. 13148. Back issues of the journal, (except certain Special Issues), as available, are: *New York Folklore Quarterly*, Vols. I-XXX 1974), $4; NEW YORK FOLKLORE, Vols. I-IX (1983), $6; obtain a price list for subsequent issues from the Editor. Articles, notes, queries, requests for editorial information, and correspondence concerning back issues should be addressed to the Editor. Address correspondence concerning reviews to the Reviews Editor. A summary statement of editorial policy, and information for contributors, appears inside the back cover of this issue.

The Editorship of NEW YORK FOLKLORE is sponsored by the State University of New York at Buffalo.

ISSN 0361-204X

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Secial Issue

THE NEW NOMADS: ART, LIFE, AND LORE OF MIGRANT WORKERS IN NEW YORK STATE

Mary Arnold Twining,
Guest Editor

Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2
Winter-Spring, 1987

Cover photo: Picking potatoes, Wyoming County, NY.
Photo by Mike Greenlar

NEW YORK FOLKLORE

Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

The New Nomads: Art, Life, and Lore of Migrant Workers in New York State

Mary Arnold Twining, Guest Editor

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Publication of this special issue is partially supported by a grant from the Folk Art Division, New York State Council on the Arts

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Foreword

Few of us are aware that we are totally dependent upon migrant workers for our regular supply of fresh fruits and vegetables. In the East alone, migrant farmworkers number well into the thousands. For most of the year they are nomads, moving south to north and back (some, like Algonquins, begin their migration from the North), in small groups, in trucks and buses and old automobiles, with or without some family members, with few possessions and little money, in zig-zag routes (called "streams"), according to the ripening of various crops. They are accommodated in camps provided by local growers, and in these isolated, spartan settlements they are frequently "stuck," paying the grower for their food and lodging out of the wages he has paid them, ignored and often unwanted by local resident communities, exhausted in the evenings, idle on the weekends, until word is received of the need for labor further along the "stream." These men, women, and children constitute one of our most vital, and least appreciated, economic resources.

And they constitute an important yet unrecognized *cultural* resource. Migrant workers come from a wide range of cultural backgrounds; they bring with them elements of their traditional cultures, and in their association with workers from other backgrounds and in response to their isolation both from home and local communities, they generate new cultural patterns and forms of expression.

New York Folklore is proud to offer this, the first in-depth study of aspects of the life, culture, — and, the surprising revelation of the amazing artistic sensitivity — of migrant farmworkers to appear in recent years. The subjects of this study include long-time participants in the migrant experience: African-Americans, Algonquins, Mexican-Americans, Jamaicans, and Puerto-Ricans; but also included here are insightful discussions of the adaptations of relative newcomers to the migrant stream, Haitian "boat people," who have shown themselves to be among the most energetic and artistically creative of all migrant groups.

The problems discussed here, and their resolutions, are generalizable across the nation; but these studies focus upon the pioneering and highly successful programs developed by the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center, both to alleviate hardship and to enrich the workers' lives (and ours) by encouraging the expression of suppressed cultural values.

I am extremely grateful to Mary Twining, Guest Editor of this special issue, to the staff of the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center, and to all contributors, for their patience and diligence in putting together these materials. And we are all grateful to the Folk Arts Division of the New York State Council on the Arts for a small grant to defray costs of publishing and marketing this extraordinary volume.

P.S., jr.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Preface

The New Nomads

MARY ARNOLD TWINING

The work that migrant workers do is essential to supplies of almost all vegetable and fruit products getting to market and table in our country. When one considers just the sheer volume of french fried potatoes sold and consumed every day in our state, the amount is staggering. Not one potato could be consumed without the work of the migrants. Their yearly appearance brings money into the communities around the fields where they work and the camps where they stay. Their work is at the base of the entire agricultural economy of the area, and their presence is ignored. The jobs, particularly harvesting potatoes, are hazardous, and health statistics are frightening.

Migrant farm workers are the concern and subject of this issue of *New York Folklore*. They come from the South in buses, planes (mainly the Puerto Ricans), their own cars, and various conveyences operated by the entrepreneurs who organize the gangs to come up to the fields every year. They are largely under the supervision of the organizer, and their fortunes rise and fall according to how well he manages to utilize the migrant labor system and what kind of a season it is. The system gives them even less sense of control of their lives than they normally have and hands them a number of additional frustrations as well, including too much rain, bad timing on the part of the straw boss, and lack of full time work so they are stuck in the country where the surrounding population ignores — or despises —them. Most of the workers come from some part of the African World though that was not always the case. Most are from rural farm situations but this year (1986) many came from Brooklyn and other urban centers. Some use their rurally acquired skills and do what fishing and trapping they can to survive until the work starts up in earnest and the paychecks come in. Time hangs heavy when there is no work and drug and alcohol abuse are prevalent.

The news media have paid attention from time to time to the plight of the migrant workers and their children. Notably, Edward R. Murrow's national telecast "Harvest of Shame" (1960) was the first sensational broadcast of the conditions that prevailed. Henry Locke, intrepid African-American reporter, did some articles in the now

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defunct *Buffalo Courier*. He went to the camps and got hired as a worker so that he could see the conditions from the inside. He eventually had to leave when his disguise was penetrated. He wrote a fine series of articles about the living and working conditions for New York's migrant labor.

Not enough academic attention, however, has been paid to the migrants, their economic and social situation, and possible paths to more settled and productive lifestyles. And little regard has been given to this rather large seasonal influx of African-American, Haitians, Jamaicans and Puerto Ricans into New York State and especially to what their artistic output can tell us about them. The education, health and folk arts programs at BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center have been quite innovative and more light needs to be shed on their impact on the lives of this constituency both during their sojourn in New York State and their continuing journey in the "Migrant Stream".

Nomads are defined in the Columbia Dictionary as "groups of people without fixed habitation." It goes on to state that they are people who have a semi-nomadic lifestyle which involves being settled one part of the year and on the move the other. Gypsies and shepherds in Europe and Asia, and Bedouins and other pastoralists in Africa come to mind in response to such a reference. Most social studies today imply that nomadism is going out of style. Perhaps in an older and stricter definition, it is. But, considering the numbers of South Africans who live away from home for their work situations, the guest workers in European countries, the Oceanians who must leave home to find work, and our own migrant workers, it is clear that this lifestyle continues unabated, and involves significant numbers of people.

The migrant farm workers move with regularity and arrange much of their social and economic life around the seasonal changes. In some instances their families come with them, if the state has approved the camps for family residence. But in most cases men leave their families and go away to earn money, often at the risk of their lives and health. Many are unskilled and in some sense unemployable in more settled situations. Others, however, especially among non-English speaking populations, do not have access to work in the skilled professions they may have known elsewhere. Many of the workers have homes in Florida or elsewhere in the South but they spend a good portion of the year following the jobs up the Eastern Stream until they get to New York, the northernmost point on their seasonal round. They then work their way back down the Stream until they arrive back home. Sometimes they hear of work in another place and decamp immediately for a job there. Their margin of earnings is so slight that they cannot afford to waste a moment in recouping their losses. Because of the characteristics of their lifestyle, I would define the migrant farm workers as semi-nomadic. In fact, in the world situation the uneven balance between the work to be done and the labor supply guarantees that certain populations will have to move to find work, and those who need labor must recruit it from somewhere. This imbalance leads to abuses of the temporary workers, giving some people the opportunity to exploit them. It also offers occasion to people like Dr. Gloria Mattera to enter the situation and make efforts to alleviate workers' problems; over a period of years she has devoted her life to meeting the challenge of the migrant situation. The articles in this issue tell the story of how the Center came into being and the constant challenges it continues to meet.

This volume of *New York Folklore* deals with this largely unseen, unknown population of migrant workers in mid-New York state and is an outgrowth of my work with the BOCES-Geneseo* Migrant Center and its staff and the workers themselves who introduced me to the world of migrancy.

Several of the articles were presented as papers at the conference entitled "The New Nomads: Migrant Workers in mid-New York State," held Saturday March 14,1987 at Buffalo State College, Buffalo, N.Y.

The introductory essay by Dr. Gloria Mattera, Founder and Director of the Center, details the setting, the growth through summer workshops, the subsequent stages of the Center for Migrant Studies, the inception of direct service programs and the current situation at the Center. It is Dr. Mattera's informed concern and inspired understanding that have made the Center what it is today.

The article by Associate Director Bob Lynch, on "The Migrant Heritage Studies Kit: A Teaching Tool," introduces the concept of the kits which have played a significant role in educating people to the cultural frameworks from which some of the migrants originally came. The making of the kits is set against a background of information about the facts of migrant life. He emphasizes the point that the migrants are all but totally absent from the curricula of every level of education which is the central concern addressed by "The New Nomads" conference.

"The Flower in the Boat: Folk Art of the Migrant Workers" by Mary Arnold Twining aims to break through the limitations of studing "folk art" only among long settled traditional communities. Many of the workers are from the African world and their ancestors brought to the Americas many complex patterns of perception and behavior in their minds, as no other baggage was allowed. The Haitians, especially

* Board of Cooperative Educational Services is referred to throughout this volume by its familiar acronym, BOCES. — Ed.

prolific in the arts programs, in their desperate boat trips were granted little quarter and small baggage so they continued the traditions from their memory banks as Africans have done for centuries. The art works the migrants produce, although apparently spontaneous and ephemeral, are true "folk art".

Sylvia Kelly's article "Migrant Art: From Field to Gallery" gives a comprehensive account of the folk and other arts programs from their initiation and gives an overview of all the things we try to accomplish within those programs.

An incisive analysis of an African-American rap session comprises Dr. Sue Roark-Calnek's article, "The Expressive Culture of Migrant Farmworkers: Theme and Constraint in Contemporary Performance". Her examination highlights the content and style in the raps and songs which tell us a good deal about workers' attitudes toward work and their lives as migrants. She also deals with the constraints the semi-nomadic lifestyle imposes upon the workers and their aesthetic impulses. The scarcity of musical instruments and concern for their preservation due to the lack of privacy and security impose additional frustrations on the workers' existence. Like the first enslaved Africans to be brought to these shores also without instruments or other equipage, they utilize the human body as a percussion instrument, using the hands, thighs, chest etc. One reason that the denizens of "Hillside" camp may be freer from ennui, anomie and conflict than the people Nelkin and Friedland (see Roark-Calnek's references) wrote about is the family-centered recruiting process and/or the programs emanating out of the BOCES-Geneseo Center which help to alleviate the ever-present tensions of migrant life.

Dr. Rosemarie Chierici's article entitled, "Making it to the Center: Migration and Adaptation among Haitian Boat People", helps us to understand how Haitians perceive their own shifting situation and their ability to adapt and change. The concept of *demele* is somewhat analogous in one sense to the African-American saying, "I'm trying to make it" which comes in reply to "How are you?" The "*demele*" phrase is frequently translated, "I am struggling . . ."

All the articles make reference to various forms of the rich body of oral materials retained and generated anew by the workers. Some of these are traditional folktales, songs, herbal remedies, etc., relatively unaltered; some are new adaptations of old forms; some are portions of life histories from workers' personal journals; some are spontaneous products of the workers' current experiences. Many of these have been assembled, classified, and annotated by Gloria Mattera, Robert Lynch, and Sylvia Kelly, and appear as a separate section, entitled, "No One Sees Me, No One Cares".

Finally, Berrien Thorn's presentation of his impressions of the workers in words and drawings as he went among the camps as an itinerant singer, annotated by Sylvia Kelly, lets us follow an accomplished musican with a strong love of bringing music to people, helping them make it and sharing it with them. Mr. Thorn is the Founder and Director of the traveling Neighborhood Musicmaking Museum and featured performer on his album, "Utility Music." It is said that music is an international language and I believe that folk art with its capacity to delight and communicate, can also form a mutually passable bridge between cultures as well as within a culture.

In African based and influenced societies people may customarily have more than one talent or accomplishment. Polymathism is not unusual in the framework of the Afro-Caribbean and African-American aesthetic so that the workers feel comfortable with the various forms that their expressive culture takes. Though far from home and familiar materials, they are glad for the chance to participate in their own home culture, no matter how distant they may be, geographically, from it. And all the contributors to this volume — writers and workers alike — appreciate this opportunity to share with others our knowledge of their culture and our enjoyment of their artistic production, so that the condition of migrant workers may be made known to the people of New York and other states; so that these vital contributors to our economy should no longer be strangers in our midst.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Introduction

The BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center: History and Development

GLORIA MATTERA

In the Beginning . . .

Little did I dream on that November day in 1965 what I was getting into as I walked past the Education Division Office in SUNY, Geneseo where I am employed as a professor to teach methods classes and supervise student teachers. Dr. William Cotton, Division Director, charged out of his office waving a copy of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), spotted me and demanded, "Why don't you go out and get some grants for working with disadvantaged children!"

Taken aback, I sputtered something to him about the fact that some of us in the Division had just been turned down after having spent considerable time and effort preparing a federal Head Start proposal and therefore would not have too much interest in pursuing federal funds further. However, he must have planted a seed, for while I let his comment pass, apparently I didn't forget it.

The next month, while I was in a surburban Rochester school supervising student teachers, the principal, Rolland Beardsley, introduced me to a New York State Education Department official, Dr. R. Pratt Krull, Jr. During our brief conversation, he mentioned that he was on his way to SUNY Brockport to see if they would be interested in conducting a workshop for teachers of migrant children during the summer of 1966. Apparently, the state had conducted two small summer schools for migrant children in the summer of 1965 and had concluded that the teachers needed sensitization to the lifestyles of the children and training in effective methods.

Dr. Cotton's haunting image immediately surfaced, so I suggested that if Brockport were not interested, Geneseo might be. Believe it or not, in January, Dr. Cotton notified me that *we* (he and I) had an appointment with the College president, Dr. Robert W. MacVittie, to discuss an urgent matter. Yes — it had to do with a summer workshop for teachers of migrant children. Apparently, Brockport was not prepared at that time to conduct a summer workshop, so Dr. Krull contacted Geneseo, told them with whom he had spoken, and I was tapped!

The Summer Workshop for Teachers of Migrant Children

Thus, Geneseo became the first SUNY unit — and actually the first establishment we know of, to have a summer workshop for teachers of migrant children (Figs. 1, 2). I was asked to run a workshop, so said I would — despite the fact that I didn't know what went into a workshop or what a migrant child was! (Sometimes, you don't dare say no!)

Needless to say, the interim between January and June was jammed with study about migrants, identifying consultants and planning and organizing the workshop. A world totally unknown to me opened as I delved into the literature about migrant farmworkers, viewed films: i.e., "A Desk for Billie," "Harvest of Shame," and talked with consultants — farmers, church people, Department of Labor and Social Services personnel and the workers themselves. The pieces of the workshop began to form a picture that would not be forgotten by workshop participants — a picture that would fully acquaint them with the who, what, when, where, why and how of migrant farmworker life and its impact on the children.

In a nutshell, what I found was that migrant farmworkers, the majority of them Mexican-American, travel from homebases in Florida, Texas and California to all states to help in field preparation, planting, weeding, pruning and harvesting of crops. Generally, they travel in "crews" headed by a "crewleader" who is hired by the grower. They live in migrant camps that vary from barrack-type concrete block structures to trailers.

The workers leave their homebases in early spring and return in late fall, thus creating serious problems of attendance and continuity of education for their children who have to attend a variety of schools. Inevitably, the children fall behind in their studies and, because their labor is needed for family support, quit school before graduation.

Recognizing their educational problems, in 1966 Congress passed the Amendment to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act so that migrant children could receive those educational services — tutoring, summer schools, evening classes — that could help them catch up on their missed studies. The funds are allocated to each state based on its number of migrant children, and are then used by local districts for the children's education and for teacher training or workshops such as ours.

A basic tenet of my method courses played a key role in the experiences planned for the workshop participants: namely, that they would be taught how to "start with where the child is." It followed, therefore, that somehow the teachers should have the opportunity to work directly with migrant children — putting the theory into prac-

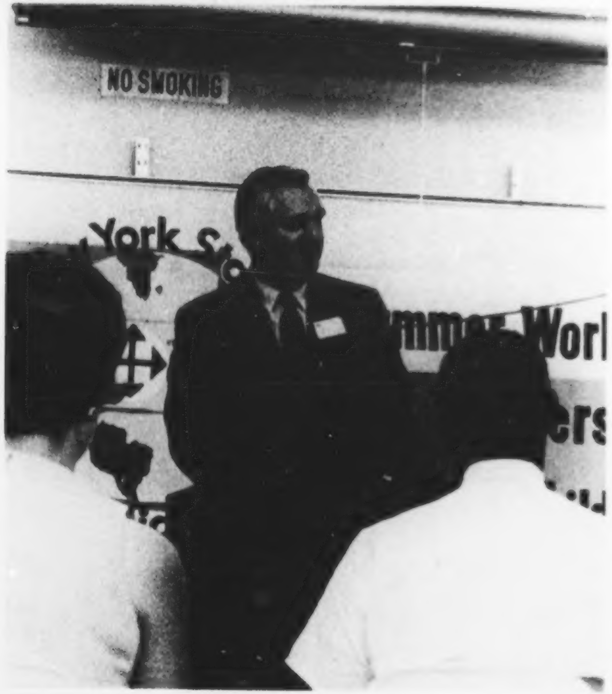
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Figure 1

President of State University of New York College, Geneseo, Dr. Robert W. MacVittie (now retired), welcoming participants to the Summer Workshop for Teachers of Migrant Children (1966).

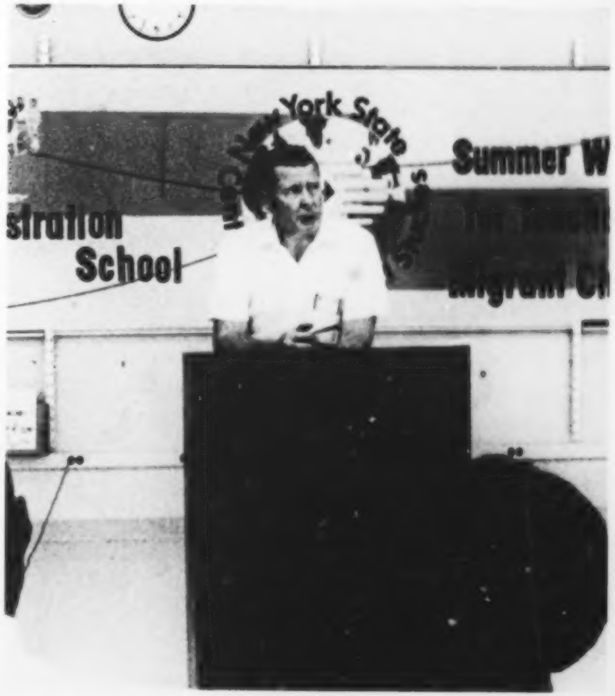
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Figure 2

Dr. William Cotton, Director, Division of Education, SUNY College, Geneseo, addressing workshop participants.

Photos: Roger B. Smith

tice, in effect. The only area I knew that might have migrant children was in Brockport, so after securing some farmers' names, I looked in the phone book and fortuitously selected John Sodoma to call. As it turned out, he not only permitted the children from his camp to come to Geneseo every day that summer to participate in the demonstration classes for the participants, he himself also served as consultant to the workshop and most significantly, later became a founding member of the migrant center.

The workshop provided the information and experience essential to working effectively with the children and to understanding migrant farmworker life. The success of this approach was evidenced in a letter from Commissioner of Education Ewald Nyquist to Dr. MacVittie indicating his appreciation for "the excellent workshop by your College this past summer for the teachers of migrant children."

This workshop was the first in a series that continued until 1974. Interestingly, while it started out to serve New York teachers only, it soon included teachers from various states. The migrant education program nationwide was growing and training of teachers was needed. As a matter of fact, some states requested training at Geneseo specifically for their teachers. Virginia sent 44 teachers in 1969 and 100 in 1971 while Alabama sent 34 in 1972 for separate workshops.

Another unique aspect of this interstate cooperation was the involvement of Florida educators, Florida being the homebase state of most of New York's migrant children. Dr. Ulysses G. Horne, director of the Migrant Education Center in Broward County, sent teachers to participate in the workshop each year and also sent his best teachers to work in the Children's Demonstration School (Figs. 3, 4). He came each summer to assist and participate in the activities. In 1972 he served as Assistant Director of the workshop and in 1973 as Co-Director. This sharing of personnel, materials and equipment (he sent up an instructional mobile unit for use in our migrant camps during the summer) was the first in the migrant education program nationwide — and has probably been the longest lasting. Today, Dr. Horne is the project director of the Migrant Dropout Reconnection Program which the Migrant Center here coordinates for twenty-six states! More about that later.

The New York State Center for Migrant Studies

The 1966 and 1967 summer workshops at Geneseo provided a rich resource of information about migrant children, their education and their lifestyles. As more children were being identified in the state and federal funds became available exclusively for migrant children through the 1966 Migrant Amendment to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), State Education Department (SED) officials decided that it was essential to have more information about

Figure 3

Tutoring at an early Summer Workshop for Teachers of migrant children. *Photo: Bill Cronin*

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Figure 4
Parents' Night, Children's Demonstration School. *Photo: Roger B. Smith*

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migrant children and their education. Geneseo's experience with the two summer workshops led Mr. John Dunn of the SED to ask Dr. MacVittie about the possibility of establishing a year-round migrant center to conduct studies related to the education of migrant children. Dr. MacVittie, who believed that a rural college should serve its rural population, was pleased to have this type of program at Geneseo. Thus, in February of 1968, the New York State Center for Migrant Studies was established with funds from the state. I was asked to serve as director. To assist in development and implementation of Center objectives, below, an Executive Council and Advisory Board were established that included representation from local, state and national levels of impact on migrant farmworker lives.

NEW YORK STATE CENTER FOR MIGRANT STUDIES — OBJECTIVES

1. To serve as a development center which conducts studies on migrant culture: health needs, economic problems and solutions, migration patterns, legislation, language patterns, etc. From these studies, suggestions for improving the lot of the migrant are drawn and implemented.
2. To provide communities with consultants from the fields of anthropology, sociology, psychology, history, political science, and education who assist lay and educational groups in improving community-migrant relations.
3. To serve as an information center containing books, pamphlets and other written materials about migrants.
4. To offer assistance and leadership in planning schooling for migrants in both summer and regular school terms.
5. To assist communities with proposals for programs to be financed by federal and/or state funds.
6. To assist communities in setting up education and recreation programs that include migrants.
7. To develop and test educational methods and materials for use with migrant adults and children.
8. To provide consultants for national and state organizations concerned with migrant affairs.
9. To serve as a conference center for area school districts serving migrants.
10. To assist the Bureau of Migrant Education of the New York State Education Department with migrant education projects such as workshops, etc.

The migrant child's education does not take place in a vacuum; rather it is affected by his family, health, living conditions and parents' occupation. The studies that were funded by the Center were therefore related to all aspects of migrant life that would affect the child's education. The following are examples of such studies:*

"To House a Migrant" by Paul Miller, 1972.

"Earnings of Migratory Farm Workers in Wayne County, N.Y.: 1968" by Dr. Herrington Bryce, 1968.

"The Courts and the Migrant" by Wayne Mahood, 1973.

"Agricultural Mechanization and the Migrant in New York State" by Howard W. Taylor, 1970.

Among those studies designed to improve the child's education directly are:*

"Listening — Phonics Program for Migrant Children" by Mary Putnam, 1970.

"A Comprehensive Study of Educational Programs and Related Components of Preschools and Day Care Centers Serving Children of Migrant Families" by Bessie Chandler, 1971.

"The Education of Juan — Juan Can Read" by Howard Van Smith, 1971.

"A Comparison of Verbal Behaviors of Teachers in Interaction with Migrant and Non-Migrant Students" by Dr. Alexina Tyo, 1972.

"A Speech and Language Program for Migrant Children" by Richard Haviland, 1969.

"A Developmental Economics Education Program for Migrant Children (K-6) Using the Techniques of Games-Stimulation" by Dr. John Youngers, 1970.

To assure implementation of successful study findings, the studies directors were required to assist in the training of teachers.

In this way, the objective of improving the migrant child's education could be achieved.

With the Center now in year-round operation (I secured a leave from teaching that year and, as a matter of fact, for the next ten years!), it was possible to broaden the scope of its activities based upon the needs of the migrant population.

National Recognition

Several exciting events resulted from this total involvement. Dr. Cotton, as Executive Council member and Director of the Education Division, saw a significant cycle in the workshop/studies process. The studies that were conducted produced effective instructional techniques for working with migrant children. These techniques were taught during the summer workshops to the participants, who in turn used them with the migrant children in the Children's Demonstration School and then in their own local school districts. Dr. Cotton called it "A Force for Change" and suggested we submit it for consideration for an award by the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education (AACTE). "A Force for Change" — complete with narrative and photographs — was submitted and received Special Recognition from the AACTE at its awards banquet in Chicago in January, 1969. To that date, no other SUNY unit had been so honored!

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* Copies of all these studies are available, at $5 each postpaid, from the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center, 210 Holcomb Building, Geneseo, NY 14454. — Ed.

The Center conducted studies until 1974. It then concentrated on direct and indirect services to migrant farmworker families leading to additional national recognition, which is described later. The changing responsibilities, funding sources and sponsorship of the Center led to several name changes from the New York State Center for Migrant Studies to the New York State Migrant Center to the Geneseo Migrant Center and, upon transfer to the Livingston-Steuben-Wyoming BOCES, the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center, its current name.

Direct Service Programs

As mentioned, training teachers of migrant children required having children for the workshop participants to work with. At first, a small group of migrant children in a demonstration "class" was utilized. This developed, by 1967, into a full-blown Children's Demonstration School as more and more migrant children — African-American, Caucasian, Algonquin Indian, Puerto Rican and Mexican-American — were identified within a twenty-five mile radius of the Center and brought in for instruction.

Inevitably (and as part of the design) the workshop participants grew close to the children and their families. As a result, the needs of the rest of the family and of those who lived with them in the migrant camps became evident. Here, briefly, is what happpened then.

Sometimes, the needs identified necessitated creative approaches for their resolution. Funds from the Migrant Amendment of ESEA enabled the Center to bring into its Children's Demonstration School, 3-21 year-olds. That first summer when we went out to the camps to pick up the enrolled children, we noted that the parents waved good-by, then picked up their infants and toddlers and took them to the fields while they worked (Figs. 5, 6). We had taken away their babysitters! Enough of that! The second day of the program, pillows were placed in cardboard boxes and into them went the migrant babies for the trip to Geneseo. (That was before seat-belt laws!) The legality of having babies and toddlers on campus at first created problems for

Figure 5

Photo: Bill Cronin

Figure 6

Photo: Mike Greenlar

The need for day care.

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officialdom. Common sense prevailed, however, so with funds from the N.Y.S. Department of Agriculture and Markets which was responsible for Migrant day care in the state, the Child Development Center of the Children's Demonstration School was initiated.

We now had infants (our youngest one was three-day old Rachael!) and up. Up to what? Well, when the buses would return the children in early evening (they were picked up by 7 AM and returned by 7 PM to accommodate their parent's working hours), we often discovered that the parents and others in the camps hadn't worked for reasons of inclement weather, equipment breakdown, or crop problems. There is nothing much to do in a migrant camp which is usually several miles from the nearest town, so the workers were invited to come to the program whenever there was no work in the fields. Thus, on many days there would be migrant adults participating in a variety of educational and recreational Activities in the Children's Demonstration School.

Among the migrants there were some adults available to work every day in the program, so the Aide Training Program was begun in 1969. Migrants only were trained as classroom aides, thus providing excellent communication between the children and the teachers — and also enhancing the possiblitiy of migrants getting into another occupation. This and other forms of parental involvement made possible an effective team approach to educating the children (Figs. 7, 8).

After the problems of the infants, toddlers and adults were resolved, another problem surfaced after a couple of summers of operation. Teenagers who had participated in a previous summer's program did not show up the following summer because, we soon discovered, they had to work to support the family. To accommodate the teenagers' need to work in the harvest, another component was added to the Children's Demonstration School — the Teenage In-Camp Program, begun in 1971. Teams of teachers went to the migrant camps in the evenings to help the teenagers with basic skills, career exploration, etc. Mrs. Henriette Hadley of Dr. Horne's Florida staff was director for the first progam, setting an excellent precedent for in-camp instruction which continues to this day.

We now were reaching the teenagers — but you can imagine what happened when teachers became available in the camps in the evenings. Workers over 21 asked for help in learning how to read, speaking English, or whatever was bothering them. Clearly, the "Teenage" In-Camp Program could not serve 65-year-olds. A search revealed no funds for adult migrant education. Somehow, education had to become available to them. Fortuitously, the Literacy Volunteers of America (LVA) program came to our attention.

LVA trained volunteers (many of them college students) to teach adults how to read and helped the Center become an affiliate of LVA

Figure 7 (top) and **Figure 8.** *Aide training.* *Photos: Bill Cronin*

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thus making training and other LVA services readily available to the program. (Over the years, migrant center staff manned the affiliate called Literacy Volunteers of the Genesee Valley. Whenever possible, VISTA personnel were recruited to help. In 1983, with funds available from the Community Services Block Grant program, the affiliate secured enough funds for a fulltime staff which now operates Literacy Volunteers — Livingston County serving all rural people as well as the migrants.)

Volunteers alone, however, could not meet all the adult education needs of the workers who came in during the day to the program and those who needed instruction in the camps in the evenings. Contact with the NYSED Department of Continuing Education produced the financial resources essential to working successfully in a program that required transportation to migrant camps (sometimes 25 miles distant), materials, coordination, etc. Thus, the adult education component could stand on its own and an In-Camp Learning Program for all workers in the camps could take place.

All the activities described thus far took place with the concurrence of the growers from whose camps the migrants came. Some growers were concerned about educating the adults, but no one objected to the children's education.

One program evolved from a recommendation by one of the growers who suggested that the Center conduct some type of weekend activity because some of the children were neglected when weekend drinking took place. Dr. MacVittie made possible the use of campus facilities on Sundays, so the Weekend Program came into being (Figs. 9, 10). Buses went out into the camps on Sunday mornings to pick up those adults and children who wanted to come to campus for a day of various activities such as swimming, arts and crafts work, educational activities, basketball, and field trips to places like Corning Glass, the Rochester Museum, or a movie.

Complementing all of the programs was the health and dental program. Mrs. Jeanne Stearns, a nurse-teacher, was a participant in the 1967 Workshop. She became the health program director every summer after that, identifying health problems and utilizing all kinds of resources to solve them. For example, her concern about dental needs (only 1 child in 10 had been to a dentist), led to her finding an unused Eastman Dental Center trailer which she borrowed and parked at the Children's Demonstration School during the summer program and then moved to the migrant camps in the fall until the workers left the area (Fig. 11). The Center eventually acquired the unit from the NYS Department of Health for $1.00 and it continues to serve the workers' dental needs three evenings a week throughout the migrant season in Western N.Y.

Figure 9 (left) and **Figure 10** (above)

Weekend athletic programs. *Photos: Jeff Schumacher*

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NEW YORK STATE
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

Figure 11

Crewleader and grower outside the Dental Unit. *Photo: Bill Cronin*

National Recognition — Again!

This total delivery of service, infant to adults, days, weekends and evenings was indeed unique. So that it could be a model for other migrant education programs, the total concept was called Project CHILD (Comprehensive Help for Individual Learning Differences). The U.S. Office of Education (USOE) Migrant Programs Branch selected Project CHILD to enter into competition to become a project in the National Diffusion Network (NDN) of USOE. Project CHILD was validated in 1973 by the Joint Dissemination Review Panel of United States Office of Education for inclusion in the NDN! (Again, no other SUNY unit had been so honored!)

Funding for several years from the NDN enabled Center staff to make presentations about Project CHILD from Puerto Rico to Hawaii and from Canada to Mexico to help others in implementing and/or adapting Project CHILD to their local programs. Thus Project CHILD's basic premise was disseminated:

> *The education of any child cannot take place in a vacuum isolated from family and community or ignoring family and personal needs which may be handicaps to learning. Project CHILD is a comprehensive program utilizing all possible community and other resources to help meet the educational, physical, social and emotional needs of migrant farmworker and rural families.*

Migrant Heritage Studies Kit

An important component of Project CHILD which was not a direct service program was the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit. Our experiences with the migrant families led to the realization that virtually no one learns about migrants in elementary, high school or college. The Ethnic Heritage Branch of USOE agreed to fund our porposal to develop a multi-media kit to teach learners of all ages about migrant farmworkers with the hope that an educated public would help the migrant farmworkers live and work with the dignity befitting the importance of their task. The kit is described in detail in the chapter by Robert Lynch, Assistant Director of the Center.

Special Focus on Teenagers

A high percentage of migrant children never completed high school. For many years, the most often quoted statistic was that 9 out of 10 did not make it. Our work with these young people made us understand why. As mentioned, we tried to help them via the Teenage In-Camp Program designed to provide education to them while they were "on the season." The season here in the North was very short, however, so we wanted to try to continue to help them once they got back to Florida. A continuous communication system with them, we believed, could help them finish or get back into school. "Interstate" project funds were not available from migrant education, so the Center turned to the Fund for Improvement of Postsecondary Education (FIPSE) which, interested in the project as a model for others, funded it for several years. The Migrant Educational Opportunities Program, as it was called, worked with the youth while they were in New York State by enrolling them, and by providing a newsletter and career guidance activities, and continued these services upon their return to Florida.

One intent of FIPSE was to have migrant education take over the project. However, interstate monies were still not available from migrant education so the NYS Department of Labor was approached and agreed to continue the project. It was re-named Project CHOICE (Comprehensive Help on Individualized Career Education) and continued the same service to the youth for three more years.

At last, with interstate funds available from the USOE's Section 143 Interstate and Intrastate Migrant Education Coordination funds, it became possible not only to continue the program, but also to expand it in terms of the number of cooperating states. Dropouts became the main focus because their needs were being least addressed. The project, "Migrant Educational Opportunities Program: An East Coast Inter- and Intrastate Linkage System to Identify and Serve Migrant Dropout Youth" was funded for two years with Maryland as Fiscal Agent and Mr. Ronn Friend, director of Maryland's migrant education program as Project Director; and for two years with Florida as fiscal agent and Dr. Ulysses G. Horne as Project Director. The Center remained as coordinating agency for the project which went from 5 cooperating states to 6 to 14 and now 26! This year (1986-87) is the project's second year with Florida as fiscal agent. It is entitled the Migrant Dropout Reconnection Program and has the following objectives:

1. Establish a National Migrant Dropout Reconnection Model
2. Establish a National Migrant Dropout Youth Clearinghouse
3. Provide Technical Assistance and Staff Development
4. Develop a Model for Private Sector Involvement
5. Develop a Cross-Cultural Counseling Component
6. Implement a Peer Facilitator Project

Thus, today twenty-six states are cooperating on this project, serving over 4,000 migrant dropouts — a project that started in 1970 with the identification of a few dropouts in a little corner of New York State.

Other Year-Round Programs/Projects

Some of the needs identified by working with our migrants led to year-round projects designed for specific purposes. For example, our early relationship with the New York State Department of Agriculture and Markets in establishing the Child Development Center led to the Center assisting the Department in training day care center staff across the state. This Migrant Early Childhood Education Program (MECE) was funded by the Indian and Migrant Programs Branch of the U.S. Office of Child Development.

Another project was Project MOVE (Migrant Opportunity for Vocational Education) funded by the New York State Education Department's Division of Occupational Educaion. It served as a pilot for interstate continuity of vocational training for adult migrant workers (Fig. 12). For example, workers starting an auto mechanics course in New York could pick up where they left off upon entering a mechanics course in Florida (Fig. 13). Three home bases cooperated — Florida, Puerto Rico and Texas — by continuing the vocational training provided by the Center from three mobile vans in migrant camps. Dr. Robert O. Seckendorf, Assistant Commissioner for Occupational Education, had hoped that the three home bases would become financially involved, but allocating funds and providing services for migrant adults were not a priority there and the pilot was not continued after the third year.

Information Library

Information accumulated from the workshops, studies and pro-

Figure 12
Project MOVE (Migrant Opportunity for Vocational Education), tractor driving instruction. *Photo: Roger B. Smith*

grams resulted in the collection of a wealth of information about migrant education, migrants and related topics. With the assistance of library graduate interns from SUNY College, Geneseo, the Center maintained a computerized file of over 6000 items (papers, speeches, documents, pamphlets, etc.) about migrant farmworkers. Over the years, hundreds of requests for information have been filled for researchers, students of all ages, and agencies.

Advocacy

The Center's extensive experience with the migrant farmlabor scene led to another type of request — representation of migrants and advocacy for migrants. Center staff have served as consultants about migrants to federal, state and local agencies; presented testimony to legislative groups on behalf of migrant farmworkers; served on governmental committees concerned about migrant labor, and made presentations to local service groups, health, labor and social service agencies.

In some cases, the Center was asked to produce products for other agencies. For example, the Center staff assisted the Brockport Oak Orchard Community Health Center with its study of economic impact

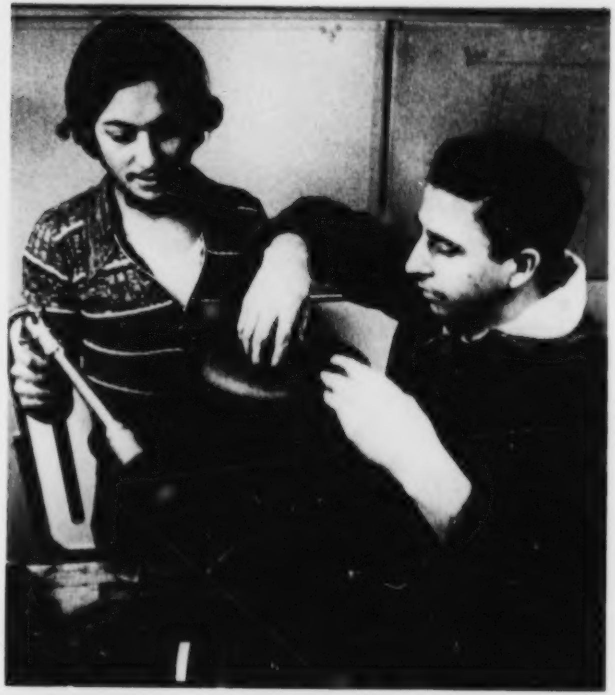

Figure 13

Project MOVE, vocational training in auto mechanics.

Photo: Bill Cronin

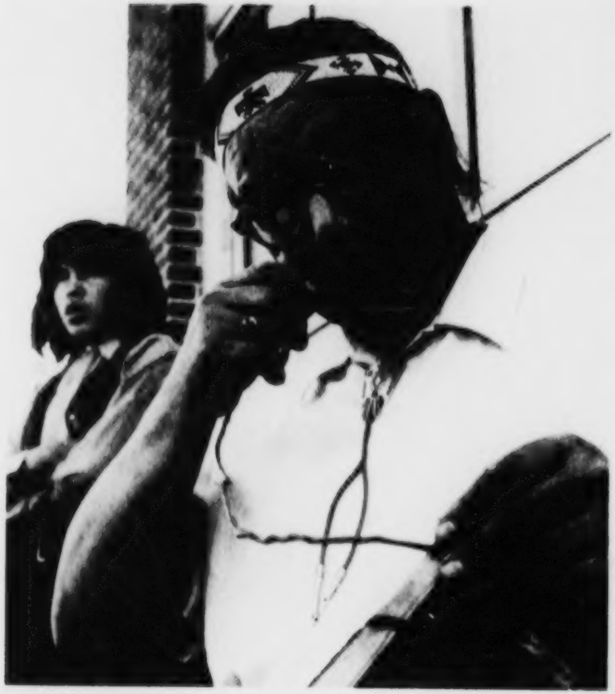

Figure 14

Algonquin craft work at the Children's Demonstration School.

Photo: Roger B. Smith

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of migrant workers in the Brockport area and with the development of a slide/tape story documenting same.

For the Colorado State Health Department, the Center developed a multi-media kit, Colorado specific, for use in educating the Colorado migrant health center staffs and service groups about migrant farmworkers. Included in the kit were a slide/tape story, discussion photos, documents and other information about migrant farmworkers.

Currently, the center is working on a mini-kit of information about migrant farmworkers for the National Migrant Health Referral Project which will include a slide/tape story, photographs and related information for use with migrant health and Migrant Head Start centers across the nation.

The Role of the Folk Arts

Throughout the history of the Center, its associations with the migrants has nurtured the sharing of their cultures — with each other, with center staff, and with as broad an audience as possible. For example, the Algonquin Indians brought their deer and moose hides to Geneseo and, right under our eyes, made magnificant moccasins, snowshoes, necklaces, ties, and hats. A unique feature of the Children's Demonstration School was having the Indians teach the children from various ethnic backgrounds how to make items from leather (Fig. 14).

Teachers working in the camps evenings came back with examples of the workers's art and poetry. Sylvia Kelly, coordinator of the Center's Creative Artists Migrant Program Services (CAMPS) made it her express mission to develop the talents of the workers. A combination of small grants from the New York State Council on the Arts, Poets and Writers, Inc., the New York Council for the Humanities, Meet the Composer, Inc. and the Neighborhood Music Making Museum enables artists, poets, photographers, folklorists and a myriad of other talented and gifted people to go into migrant camps to encourage the workers to produce their own art and to share their folkways. Ms. Kelly details these activities in her chapter.

In the Future . . . ?

Mechanization has effectively reduced the number of migrant farmworkers coming to the area served by the Migrant Center. Whereas in the late sixties, twenty-two camps were served, this past season had scarcely ½ dozen. Thus, direct service programs may eventually be phased out.

The national problems will continue to exist, however, for the migrant farm labor force plays a major role in making this the best fed nation on earth. The Center can continue to play a lead role in getting dropouts back into educational/vocational pursuits, in helping migrant programs across the country improve their services and in helping the nation enable migrant farmworkers to live and work with dignity.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

The Migrant Heritage Studies Kit: A Teaching Tool

ROBERT E. LYNCH

Migrant workers constitute one of the most disadvantaged groups among minorities in the United States, for their itinerant way of life precludes their participation in the institutional structure of the American community. Despite the vital services that migrant farmworkers render to society by harvesting food, they find themselves deprived of basic human rights now enjoyed by the rest of us, thus perpetuating a nomadic and marginal life (See Fig. 1). Exploitation and the indifference of mainstream America have created serious problems for the migrants. Among these have been:

- poor housing and such associated problems as over-crowded living conditions
- inadequate and antiquated sanitary facilities — generally remote from sleeping quarters, often poorly maintained and devoid of privacy
- poor nutrition with its attendant health problems
- lack of educational opportunities resulting in a high dropout rate and low level of literacy
- child labor needed to assure family survival
- infants and toddlers forced to play in the fields while their parents work because of the lack of day care facilities
- alcohol abuse with its resultant social and physical ills
- drug abuse taking its toll of migrant youth and adults
- gambling, often resulting in the loss of a full week's or more pay
- spartan working conditions with no sanitary or drinking facilities in the fields
- meager piece and hourly rates due largely to farmworker exclusion from collective bargaining.

Every state utilizes migrant farmworkers who comprise a multitude of ethnic and cultural groups. The largest is the Mexican-Americans. Others include: Afro-Americans, Native Americans, Puerto Ricans, Filipinos, Vietnamese, Caucasians, Chinese, and Haitians.

Figure 1
Idle time, the bane of migrant farmworker life.

Photo: Bill Cronin.

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Most curricula in our nation's schools, while focusing on various cultures and people geographically remote, pay little attention to the people who help make our country the best fed nation on earth: the migrant farmworkers. Not only do elementary school children *not* learn about them in their social studies curricula, neither do high school and college youth, despite the fact that migrant farmworkers are an integral part of our nation's economy. Also, teachers in training, both preservice and inservice, receive little or no information or skills designed to meet the educational and other needs of the children of migrant farmworkers who migrate across the country.

In recognition of this problem, the staff of the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center developed a Migrant Heritage Studies Kit (MHSK) in 1976 with funds from the United States Office of Education's Ethnic Heritage Program, to share with learners of all ages the lives of three groups in the migrant stream: Afro-Americans, Algonquin Indians and Mexican-Americans. (The initial proposal included Puerto Ricans and Caucasians but limited funds resulted in eliminating these two groups from the kit.)

The goal of the Kit is to help foster in the nation's communities, colleges, and elementary and secondary schools, an awareness of the migrant farmworker as a human being vital to the nation's agricultural production. Thus, it is hoped, a society educated about its migrant farm laborers will no longer tolerate the indignities and inequities farmworkers suffer in silence. Rather, it will be morally obliged to take appropriate actions to provide working benefits and conditions equal to those enjoyed by any segment of the nation's work force.

The Migrant Heritage Studies Kit is a multi-media resource consisting of four components designed to present, first, an overall picture of the migrant farm labor scene in the United States, and second, a more detailed view of three important ethnic groups that travel the nation's highways to harvest crops. In addition to a slide/tape presentation in each component, there are materials designed specifically for each, such as articles, pamphlets, and other written or published information, simulation games, values clarification activities, artifacts, autobiographies, and a teacher's guide.

All materials in the Kit serve as keys to the development of certain concepts from various social science disciplines for their appropriateness to the lives of migrant farmworkers. The following disciplines and related concepts are addressed throughout the Kit: Anthropology/*Culture*; Economics/*Poverty*; Geography/*Rural*; History/*Migration*; Political Science/*Powerlessness*; and Sociology and Psychology/*Discrimination*.

To assist in the utilization of the materials and also in the repackaging of the Kit, all materials are color-coded: green, Migrancy Component; blue, Afro-American Component; yellow, Algonquin Indian Component; and orange, Mexican-American Component.

Genuine understanding of the migrant experience requires more than simply learning the facts. It requires the learner to step into the shoes of the migrants — to see them, to touch their artifacts, to read their stories, to hear them speak their own language. The Kit materials provide many opportunities for the user to do this. Upon using the materials, the user will, hopefully, inductively come up with his/her own conclusion on what it is like to be a migrant farmworker.

The development of the materials was a very time consuming and difficult task. The funding for the Kit was very limited thus much volunteer time and effort went into each detail. The development group was directed by Mrs. Marjorie Lewis, at the time a teacher in the Campus School on the State University of New York at Geneseo campus, who worked tirelessly with migrants, photographers, resource people, and industries. She was assisted by Ms. Linda Bogart, who took care of the countless meticulous details and applied her artistic talents to the cover of the Kit.

> NOTE: Linda Bogart is now Linda Greenlar. How did that happen? During the development of the Kit Mike Greenlar, then a photography student at Monroe Community College in Rochester, New York, was assigned to the Center to take photographs for the Kit. On the way to East Bloomfield to photograph the Algonquins, in the back seat of Nurse Jeanne Stearns' car Linda, Assistant Director for the Kit, met Mike, Photographer. It was love at first sight, at least that is what Dr. Mattera said who was sitting between them and felt the electricity! An update on this scenario is that Mike and Linda are the proud parents of a daughter born November '86.

Others who worked diligently on the development of the materials were Nancy Zahler, whose assistance with the conceptual framework and whose work with the Mexican-American Component were invaluable. Mona Smith DeMay, then Administrative Assistant for the Center, and I worked on layout, printing, laminating, mounting, and all the other things needed to put together ten hand-made Kits.

Countless others assisted but are too numerous to list here. The one group most important in the development of the materials was the migrant workers. Without their stories, photographs, and eagerness to assist by sharing their unique lifestyle with others, the Kit could not have materialized. The workers were repeatedly asked the question, "What do you want others to know about your life as a migrant farmworker?" The information gathered was incorporated into the various products in the Kit.

During the summer of 1976 a group of sixty-eight Algonquin Indians lived in a college dormitory on the State University College at Geneseo campus to assist in the development of the Algonquin Indian Component. For some of the group it was the first time they had been out of "the Bush" (their term for extremely remote areas) and living in a so-called modern facility. The summer was interesting to say the least in teaching children to use the inside toilet facilities instead of the outside bushes! The Indians tanned leather on campus and made all the beautiful artifacts described in the Algonquin Indian Component. They also served as consultants in all other areas of the component development from writing and narrating the slide/tape script to dictating their folk tales for publication.

It must be noted that the development of the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit would not have been possible without the direction and continuous guidance of Dr. Gloria Mattera. Dr. Mattera was involved in all aspects of the Kit development: the conception of the idea, working with all committees, final approval of all materials and content, working many, many evenings and weekends laminating, binding, collating and doing all the other minute details to make the Kit a product to be proud of.

The Kit

The description of the four components and their special parts follows (See Figs. 2-8). Transcriptions of some of the oral materials referred to are included in a separate section, "No One Sees Me, No One Cares," later in this volume.

Migrancy Component

The Migrancy Component of the Kit provides the background information necessary to study migrant farmworkers in general and specifically the ethnic groups presented in the Kit.

The materials included in this component are:

1. *Discussion Collage* — Stand-up backdrop of photographs representative of the migrant workers depicted in the Kit.
2. *Discussion Photos* — 11" x 14" photographs (with teaching suggestions and background information on reverse sides) selected to initiate student discussion on particular problems and generalizations relating to the migrant situation.

   (NOTE: The selection of this group of fourteen photographs was a *very* difficult task because each committee member was biased toward particular photographs that had significant meaning to them personally (knowing the worker, etc.). Eventually, the fourteen were selected but only after it was agreed that others could be included in the Kit as supplementary photos. Compromise is not easy!)
3. *From the News* — News clippings relating to all aspects of the migrant farm labor situation.
4. *Goin' On the Season* — Simulation game that enables students to

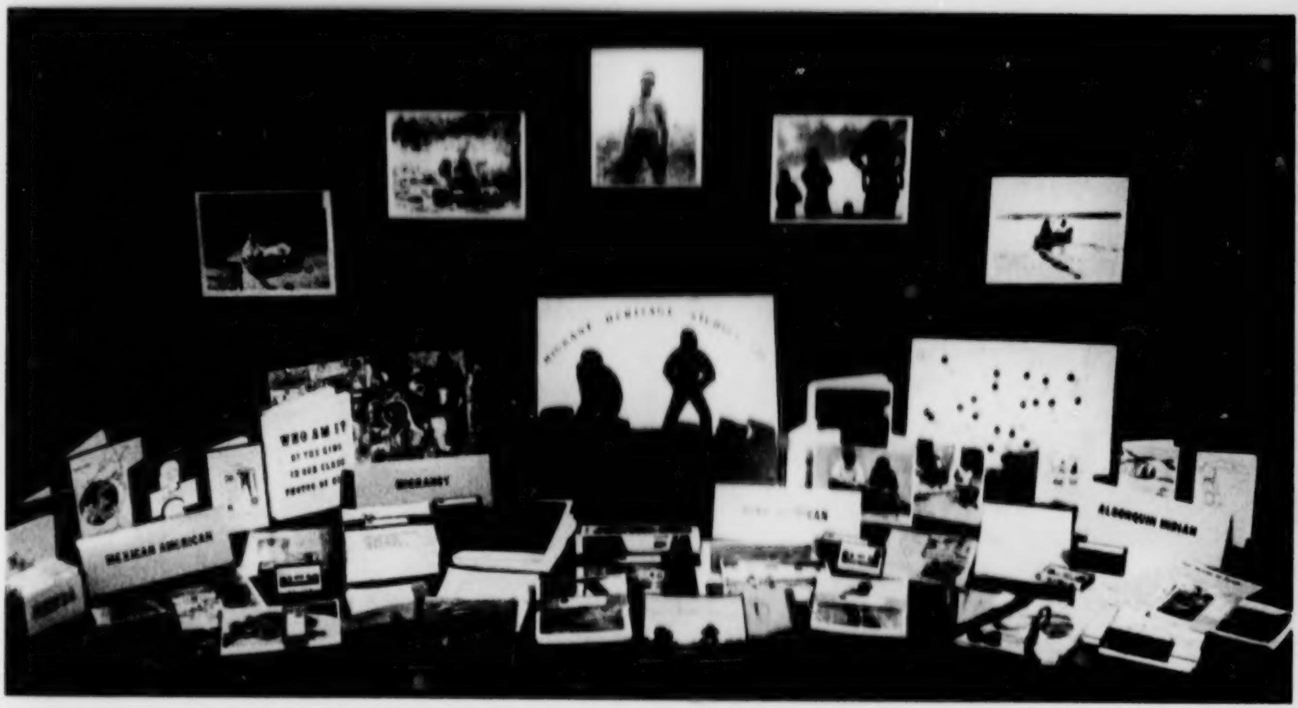
WHO AM I?
MEXICAN AMERICAN
ALGONQUIN INDIAN

Figure 2

The Migrant Heritage Studies Kit (before the Haitian component was added), on display. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

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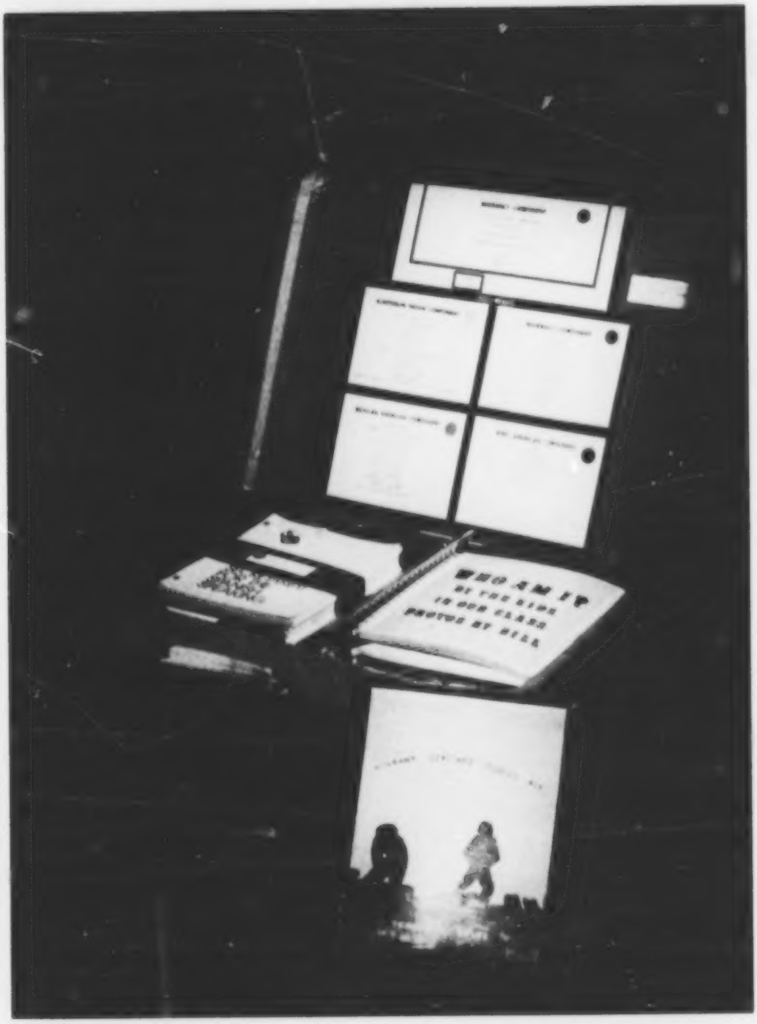
WHO AM I?
BY THE KIDS
IN OUR CLASS
PHOTOS BY BILL

Figure 3
The kit packed, ready for travel. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

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Figure 4

The Migrancy Component. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

place themselves in the same situations and experiences as they travel "on the season."

5. *Migrant Experience Stories* — Oral histories narrated by migrant farmworkers that present glimpses into individual lives.
6. *Slide/Tape Presentation* — Brief review of problems that have developed because of the migrant farm labor system, followed by examples of specific legislation designed to alleviate the problems.
7. *Supplementary Photos* — Thirty-three 8" x 10" and thirteen 11" x 14" black-and-white photographs providing visual descriptions of migrant life.
8. *Supplementary Readings* — Speeches, articles, and pamphlets to give the teacher and students additional information on specific aspects of migrant life. Readings cover such areas as legislation, services available, education, health, etc.
9. *The Hopeless Man* — Original, unedited collection of stories dictated by migrant farmworkers in the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center's In-Camp Learning Program.
10. *Who Am I?* — Book of photographs of migrant children in a summer program. Each student drew a picture about a favorite activity and wrote a story about it.

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Afro-American Component

Historically, the majority of the migrant farmworkers on the Eastern seaboard of the United States have been Afro-Americans with a rich cultural heritage. Their lifestyle is unique and their story an amazing one of hard work and skill and, also, of discrimination and neglect.

The contents of this component (Fig. 5) are:

1. *Belinda* — Book describing daily life and family living from a migrant child's point of view. Material for the book was obtained through personal interviews with the child's mother.

   (NOTE: The book has since been printed and is being sold and all proceeds go directly into the Joseph Mattera National Scholarship Fund for Migrant Children. The Fund was established in 1974 in memory of the Center Director's father and has assisted hundreds of migrant youth to continue their education. Scholarships have been awarded to youth all across the country.)
2. *Coping, With Humor* — Game designed to give players insight into how migrant farmworkers use humor to cope with daily life.
3. *Gathered Harvest* — A collection of poetry from migrant farmworkers obtained through the Creative Artists Migrant Program Services (CAMPS) component of the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center.
4. *Psychology of a Migrant Camp* — Graphic description of the physical and psychological makeup of a particular migrant crew, in which the crewleader is the dominant figure in all interactions.
5. *Slide/Tape Presentation* — Presentation narrated by the migrant workers who describe their lifestyle and philosophy.
6. *Stories by Members of Migrant Crews* — Handwritten personal vignettes by migrant workers that reveal significant events in their lives.
7. *Supplementary Photos* — Twenty-three 8" x 10" photographs that complement and provide visual representation of many aspects of the Afro-American worker's existence.
8. *Task Photos* — Two photographs that show migrant children at play in their camp environment. The tasks are designed to help learners understand the play environment and the kind of activities available to migrant children.

Algonquin Indian Component

The Algonquin Indian population was selected to be included as a separate unit in the Kit because their culture is distinctly different from that of the other groups. The Algonquins, who are considered bi-national, travel from Quebec where they hunt, trap and fish for survival, to New York State, where they work on mink and chicken

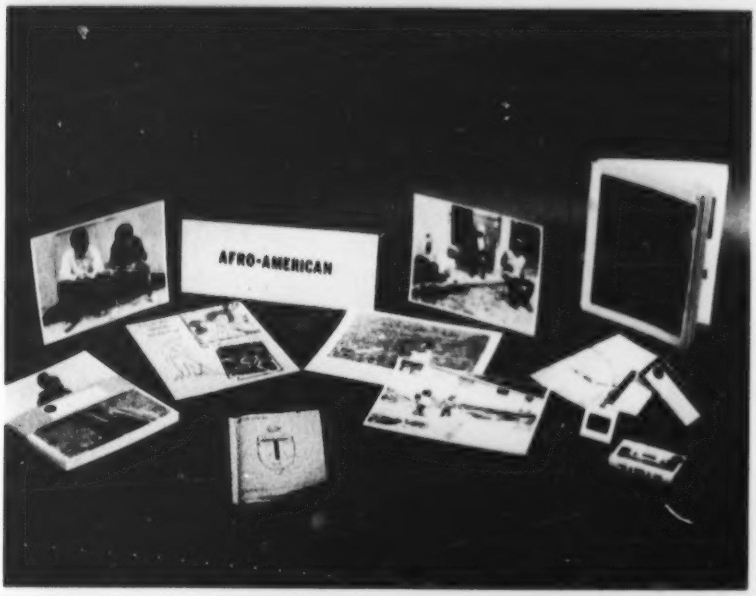
AFRO-AMERICAN

Figure 5
The African-American Component. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

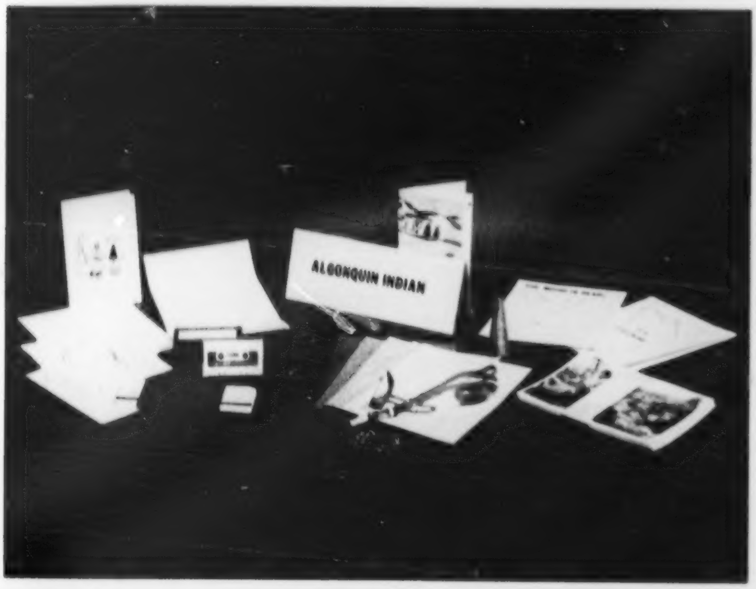
ALGONQUIN INDIAN

Figure 6
The Algonquin Component. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

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farms in the western part of the state.

The materials in this component (Fig. 6) are:

1. *Artifacts and Artifact Cards* — Original materials developed by Algonquin Indians. Some artifacts made by the Indians — headband, necklace and moose caller (Fig. 7) — were photographed and their use explained on the artifact cards.
2. *Folk Tale: "How Man Got His Dog"* — Transcribed and illustrated by Maurice Wawatie from Quebec, Canada. Animals are very important to the daily life of the Algonquins. This folk tale has been passed down orally from generation to generation; this is the first time it has ever been written.
3. *It's Catching* — A photo essay by Phil Cope about "catching" all kinds of things. The author taught school on the Rapid Lake Indian Reserve and the book was originally used to teach reading to the Indian Children.
4. *Language Master Cards* — Cards that enable students to hear and learn the days of the week and months of the year in the Algonquin Indian and French languages.
5. *Our Life at Rapid Lake* — Booklet written and illustrated by the children of Rapid Lake Indian School, Rapid Lake, Quebec, Canada. The booklet gives insight into the daily activities on an Indian reserve and the Algonquin Indian culture.
6. *Our People Talk* — A collection of history, legend, fictional and non-fictional stories told by the Algonquin Indians.
7. *Patterns of Drinking Among The Algonkian Indians* — A sociological analysis of the causes and consequences of drinking among the Algonquins.
8. *shkwaong di nob* — Story of the life of a resettled Algonquin Indian migrant who had been an alcoholic. It traces Fern Carpentier's life from birth on an Indian reserve in Canada to his present life in the United States.
9. *Slide/Tape Presentation* — Presentation, narrated by Jacob Wawatie, that describes daily life activities of the Algonquins while they are in Quebec and New York State.
10. *Supplementary Photos* — Twenty 8" x 10" original photographs that depict the Algonquin Indian population, both in their home-base in Canada and in their working environment on the fur and chicken farms.
11. *The Moose Is Dead* — A photo essay by Phil Cope about how all parts of the moose carcase are used after the animal is killed. The lack of waste and use of nature for survival are emphasized.
12. *Twenty-Nine Years Experience with Algonquin Indians from Rapid Lake, Canada* — Article by Allan Saxby, a mink farmer from East Bloom-

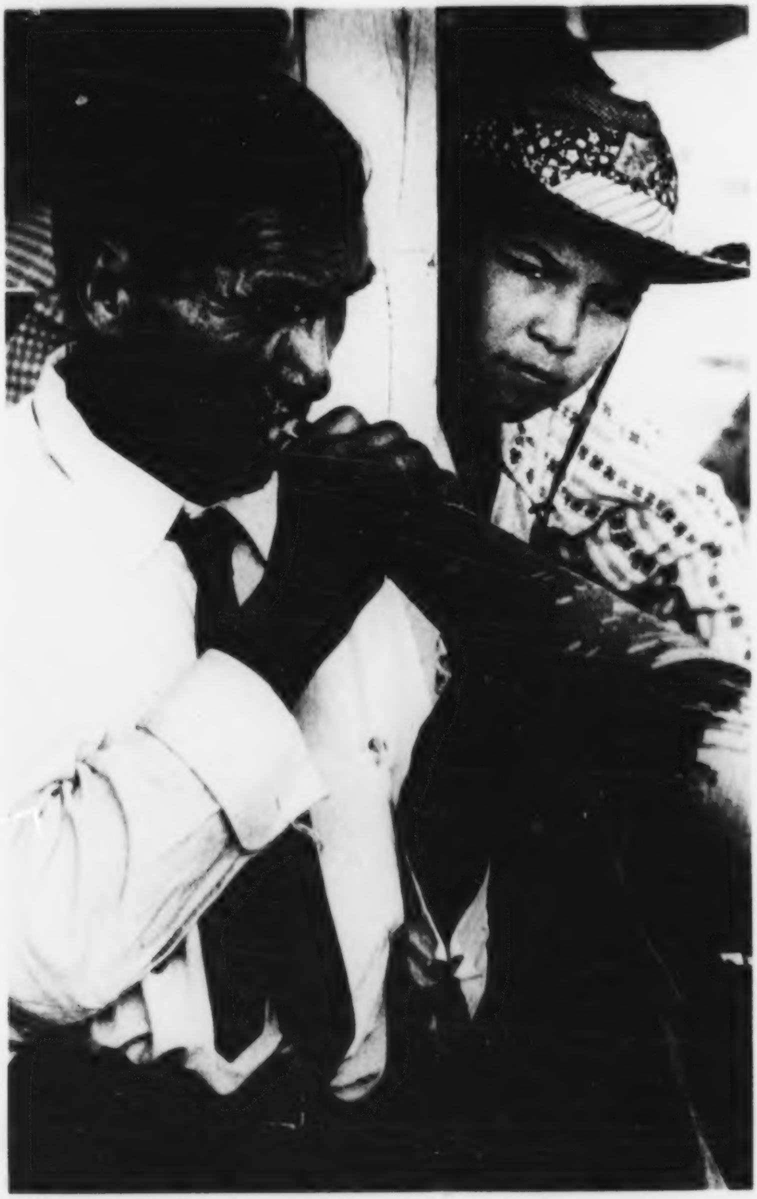

Figure 7

Blowing the moose-caller, at the Children's Demonstration School. Photo from Algonquin Component. Photo: Bill Cronin.

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field, New York, describing his long experience with the Indians, providing background information on the history, geographic locations, lifestyle, personalities, and migratory habits of the Algonquins.

Mexican-American Component

Nationally, the majority of migrant farmworkers are Mexican-Americans so any material to address the culture of the migrant farmworkers must include a discussion of the Mexican-American population. Estimates for the percentage of Mexican-American migrants in the country range as high as seventy percent. The influence of the Mexican-American and his/her culture upon migrant life is poignantly presented in the various media of this component (Fig. 8):

1. *El Calendario Chicano* — Calendar-format attempt to place the Chicano movement in its proper historical context. It shows on a day-to-day basis that the Chicano struggle for liberation and justice is not a recent phenomenon.
2. *Excerpts from the Diary of Carolina Mata* — Daily log of the life of a young migrant woman who at the time was attending law school when not working in the fields.

   (NOTE: While Carolina had given permission to use this material

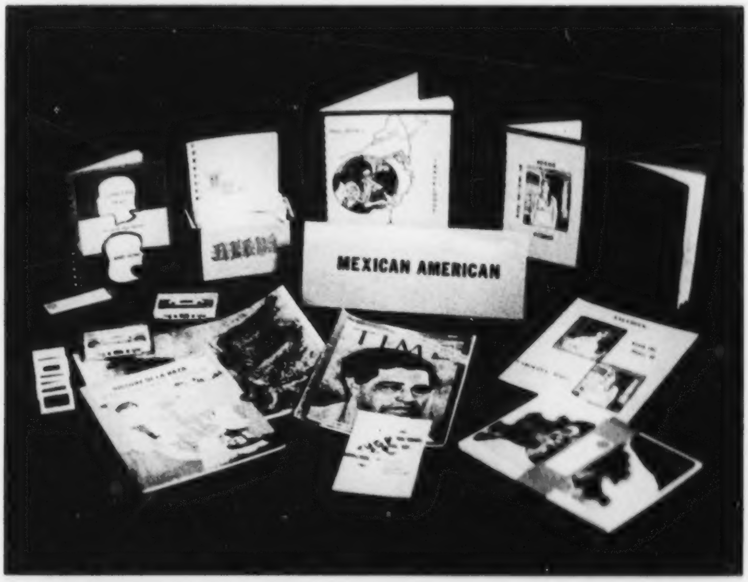


Figure 8

The Mexican-American Component. *Photo: Bill Cronin.*

in the Kit and had been in contact with the Center we had never met her personally. This changed in 1980 when, during a presentation on the Kit at the National Migrant Education Conference in Chicago, IL, Carolina sat quietly in the audience while the "Diary" was being explained by Dr. Mattera. At the end of the presentation she introduced herself to Dr. Mattera and me and a lasting friendship was established. Carolina continues to write, and is working toward certification as a CPA; she still joins her family whenever possible to assist with the field work.)

3. *Herb Cards and Booklet* — Combination of a booklet on the history of the use of herbs by Mexican-American population and a 16-card collection showing real samples of the herbs and their common use.
4. *History of La Raza Coloring Book* — Book with a two-fold purpose: first, an attempt to provide cultural enrichment and enlightenment to *La Raza* children and second, an historical account of the achievements of *La Raza* and its contributions to the making of this nation (*La Raza* — the term used by people who trace their roots to Old Mexico; motivated by a strong work ethic, they have emigrated to the U.S. to better provide for their families.).
5. *Juan Can Read — And How!* — Booklet of stories about former migrants who have succeeded in various professions throughout the United States.
6. *La Vida de Teresa Castillo* — Autobiography of a 22-year-old Mexican American woman who has traveled across the country from Texas to Michigan and from Florida to New York. She is a wife and mother of two.
7. *Nancy Zahler's Travelogue* — Account of a trip with a Mexican American crew, whose home base was in Immokalee, Florida. In June of 1975 Nancy Zahler traveled from South Carolina to Maryland with the crew. Her travelogue provides personal glimpses into the lives of the workers.

   (NOTE: Center staff became very close to this crew which was largely an extended family, headed by Pedro Herrera. Whenever staff are in Florida, we try to visit the crew. While camping on my honeymoon in 1975 my wife and I spent a wonderful day with the family and ended up camping in their driveway over night. It had been some time since I had seen the crew, when in the summer of 1985 my family and I were returning from vacation and driving north through Kentucky. My wife noticed a migrant caravan ahead on the highway. We noticed that the vehicles were from Collier County, Florida with Hispanic drivers. Could they be the Herreras? Yes, and we were able to catch up on everyone's stories at the next roadside rest area!)

8. *Poems by Carolina Mata* — Collection of original poems written by Carolina Mata.
9. *Slide/Tape Presentation* — Presentation narrated by Filomeno and Justino Sanchez and Norma Rangel, describing their lifestyle.

   (NOTE: The narrators were identified by the Brockport Migrant Education Program in Brockport, New York. They used the script as reading material for learning to read. To meet the workers' schedule, taping was scheduled to take place one evening in the camp. The evening was a windy one and when playing back the tape the background "music" was the howling of the wind blowing through the poorly structured camp. Needless to say the tape was re-done in a studio!)

The slide/tape presentation was first shown at the National Migrant Education Conference in Philadelphia, PA in 1976. A group of Mexican-American professionals said that the information conveyed was too old-fashioned in the sense that the male was portrayed as dominant, etc. but a group of California Mini-Corps youth (migrant farmworker youth) disagreed and said that the script should remain as presented because it reflected the migrant culture.

10. *Supplementary Photos* — Thirteen 8" x 10" original photographs that present views of migrant life.
11. *The Grapes of Wrath, 1969* — TIME magazine highlights "The Little Strike That Grew to La Causa," the story of Cesar Chavez and the farmworker movement in California.
12. *Viva — A Look at Hispanic Americans* — Booklet supplying information about the contributions of Hispanic American people to United States life.

The contents of the Kit are being continuously supplemented to portray current migrant life adequately.

The Haitian Boat People Enter the Migrant Stream . . .

In 1980 a new group of people, the Haitians, entered the migrant stream, bringing with them a unique and rich culture. Again, the Center staff believed it imperative to share information about these workers, and developed the Haitian Component to the Kit with funds from the New York State Department of Social Services.

The Department of Social Services was interested in having the Kit developed that would trace the many phases of migration that the Haitians were going through: migration from the rural areas of Haiti to Port-Au-Prince, the nation's capital; migration from Port-Au-Prince or other areas of Haiti to Florida; the arrest of the Boat People and detainment in the refugee camps; migration from Florida as migrant farmworkers; settling out of the migrant stream in large urban areas either in the North or the South.

To develop this component the Center established a committee, bringing a vast background of knowledge and expertise in migrant matters and Haitian culture. In addition to Center staff of Dr. Gloria Mattera, Robert Lynch, Sylvia Kelly, and Kimberly McCaw, the committee included:

Dr. Rose-Marie Chierici — A Native Haitian, fluent in Creole, she has recently received her doctoral degree from the University of Rochester with the thesis, "*Demele*: 'Making It', Migration and Adaptation Among Haitian Boat People in the United States" (1986).

Dr. Sue Roark-Calnek — Assistant Professor of Anthropology at the State University of New York in Geneseo and holder of a Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr, she has done extensive research and program development with Native Americans. She has made presentations to many prestigious national groups such as the National Indian Education Association, National Association of the Education of Young Children, and the American Anthropological Association.

Mrs. Wilma Emmett — Mrs. Emmett is a certified library specialist and a former elementary school teacher. She is fluent in Haitian Creole and has an enormous fund of knowledge and expertise in the Haitian culture garnered through seven years (1968-75) as a missionary on the island of Haiti. She had previously spent seven years doing similar work in Zimbabwe, Rhodesia. Mrs. Emmett still accompanies her physician husband to Haiti annually to provide medical care in remote areas of the country.

The committee met weekly and sometimes more often in the initial planning stages of the Kit and brainstormed (or is "argued" a better term!) ideas, concepts, materials, script content, and all minute details of the Kit.

(NOTE: The Kit committee became so interested in the Haitian people that during March of 1985 seven of the group (six women escorted by one male, namely myself) went to Haiti for five glorious days. The trip was indescribable and left us with thousands of wonderful memories, but none was more inspirational than seeing Rose-Marie return to Haiti after some twenty-five years of exile.)

The goal of this Haitian Component is to develop an awareness of the Haitian people — who they are, where they come from, how they got here, how they have been treated and what they are doing. This is done in the hope that a more educated citizenry can help Haitians realize their goals for coming here — as have millions of immigrants from other countries before them.

Just as in the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit, all materials in this component are color-coded (red) and serve as keys to the development of certain concepts selected from various social science disciplines for their usefulness in understanding the lives of migrant farmworkers. The disciplines were expanded with the concept of "Adaptation" serving as an umbrella for the following supporting concepts: Culture, Social Structure, Ecology, Migration, Ruralism, Poverty, Powerlessness, Discrimination, and Identity.

To develop these concepts and related generalizations, the following are the materials included:

1. *Bibliography* — A comprehensive and annotated bibliography of sources on Haitian culture and Haitian immigration, including an access guide to resources, and two specialized supplementary bibliographies.
2. *Bon Appetit* — A collection of Haitian recipes, including the Haitian national dish (rice and beans), and a recipe based on a character in Haitian folklore.
3. *Crafts and Craft Cards* — Photographs and descriptions of Haitian arts and crafts, including explanations of the importance of each item in the culture.
4. *Currency Guide* — A chart of Haitian currency, showing sizes and U.S. currency equivalents.
5. *Discussion Photos* — Fifteen 11" x 14" black and white photographs with teaching suggestions on reverse sides, selected to initiate learner discussion on particular concepts and generalizations relating to Haitian migrants.
6. *Facts on Haitian Immigrants* — Fact sheets which give a chronology of recent Haitian immigrant status categories and eligibilities for benefits.
7. *Facts on Haiti* — A fact sheet presenting key facts about Haiti, its history and its relationship with the United States.
8. *From the News* — News clippings relating to Haiti, Haitian refugees, and AIDS, including task cards for role-playing activities.
9. *Glossary of Creole Terms* — Alphabetical listing of 44 Creole words or phrases, with alternative spellings, definitions, and some explanations of Haitian customs.
10. *Haiti: Miami News Supplement* — A collection of articles by *Miami News* reporter Karen Payne and photographer Charles Trainor. The articles offer examples of Haitian poverty and political repression as reasons for Haitian immigration.
11. *Haitian Culture Profiles* — A study of Haitian culture, dealing with aspects of history, language and social organization.
12. *How Many Miles to Port-Au-Prince?* — A simulation board game which enables users to place themselves in the same situations and expe-

rience similar problems as Haitian peasants traveling in Haiti. Moves are determined by dice and answers to question cards based on facts about Haiti.

13. *National Geographic: Haiti: Beyond Mountains, More Mountains* — A first-person account of two months spent living in the village of Labadi, Haiti, written by *National Geographic* editor Carolyn Bennett Patterson.
14. *Slide/Tape Presentation: Haitian Passages: Heritage, Struggle and Hope*— A vivid and poignant portrayal of life in Haiti, followed by life in the United States as migrant workers and city dwellers.
15. *Supplementary Photos* — Twenty-three 8" x 10" black and white photographs which provide visual representation for many aspects of the Haitian migrant worker's daily life.
16. *Supplementary Readings* — A collection of articles, reports and handbooks which provides information on a wide range of topics relevant to those working with or studying Haitians.
17. *Vignettes . . . From Haitian Lives* — Stories told by Haitians presenting their lives in Haiti and the United States.
18. *A Visit to a Haitian Migrant Camp* — Written by Mrs. Rose-Marie Cassagnol Chierici, a booklet that describes her visit to a typical Haitian migrant labor camp in western New York State, and her interaction with the women who lived there.
19. *Vodou in Haiti*— Four articles giving different perspectives on the traditional folk religion of Haiti, by the Haitian anthropologists Dr. Michael Laguerre and Dr. Henry Frank; American missionary Mrs. Helen Hartman; and drawing on interview data to present the viewpoints of some Haitian immigrants, Dr. Rose-Marie Cassognol Chierici.

Uses of the Kit

The uses of the Kit have been many and varied from quick awareness presentations to full day or longer training sessions using all the Kit components.

With this knowledge, hopefully, users will be able to assume leadership in disseminating information regarding migrant farmworkers and take significant steps to improve the workers' living and working conditions.

The reception the Kit has received nationally has been very positive. There has never been a formal evaluation of the Kit conducted; however, users have marveled at the comprehensiveness of the material in addressing the migrant situation and the wide range of media to present the ideas. The Kit has proven to be an excellent tool for teaching others about migrant farmworkers and their cultures. Since the Kit contains media and materials that are portable and reproducible, it has been used extensively. The Center has used the networks of both migrant and non-migrant programs, agencies and organizations throughout the country to disseminate information on the Kit. All presentations made by Center staff have included the Kit. As part of the Center's responsibilities in the National Diffusion Network (NDN), presentations on Project CHILD (Comprehensive Help for Individual Learning Differences) including the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit as a non-validated component have been made in thirty-three states plus Puerto Rico, Mexico, and Canada. (See Dr. Gloria Mattera's introductory article in this volume). Presentations or training workshops involving the Kit have also been conducted in conjunction with many national, regional, state and local migrant education conferences. Other presentations have been made to such groups as:

Literacy Volunteers of America
National Urban Education Association
American Rural Health Association
Migrant Legal Action Program
Commission on Adult Basic Education
Region II Refugee Resettlement
Departments of Social Services and Health
College and University Classes
High School Classes

This past summer Dr. Mattera and I had the opportunity to present the Kit and conduct intensive training at the Migrant Summer Institutes sponsored by the Florida Department to sensitize them to the unique needs of the migrant families. These Institutes located at three universities in Florida trained approximately 180 individuals to return to their local school districts and become advocates for the migrants. One responsibility of the participants of the Institutes was to return to their districts and conduct at least one workshop for others on information gathered. Participants from two of the Institutes have requested the Kit to use in their individual sessions.

Upon completing training with the Kit, users should be able to express through writing, role playing, discussion or other means:

1. Likenesses and differences in the ethnic groups depicted
2. Migration patterns
3. Physical conditions of a migrant community
4. Social structure of a migrant community
5. Domestic life of migrant workers
6. Economics of migrant life, including occupational skill, income, and expenditures
7. Community and social services which are available to migrant workers

8. Educational opportunities for migrant workers and their children
9. National and local legislation which has been and is being effected to benefit migrant workers

   (NOTE: Yes, the Kit, all ten copies of it, has traveled many miles. Through the years of use and abuse the Kit has become very tattered. Unfortunately some users of the material have liked some pieces of the Kit so much that they have kept them! A former member of the staff used to say that I should have the Kit tied to my back to carry it from meeting to meeting. The Kit has caused us many moments of anxious worry in the baggage claim at airports, we wondering if the Kit made the close connection, and what kind of presentation we could make without it. It has also been a great "friend" that has given me the opportunity to travel to many places.)

The Kit Continues to be Needed

The success of the Kit can, also, be attested by the fact that others have contracted with the Center to develop similiar materials. In 1984 the Colorado Department of Health, Migrant Program contracted with the Center to "develop, implement, and evaluate a migrant awareness campaign designed to impact on Colorado's decision makers at both community and state levels." A separate Kit (Colorado specific) was developed that included many of the original materials. For example the booklet, *Juan Can Read*, was selected but updated to include several biographies of former Mexican-American migrants who have gone on to other significant positions.

Recently with funds from the National Migrant Health Program the National Migrant Health Referral Project, Inc. in Austin, Texas contracted with the Center to update and consolidate the Kit for distribution to the Migrant Health Centers across the country. The "Texas" Kit will, hopefully, be premiered at the National Migrant Health Conference scheduled for April, 1987 in San Padre Island, Texas.

In conclusion, the need to educate the non-migrant public to the needs and the importance of the migrant farmworker continues to be of paramount importance. Until the farmworkers can be accorded a national voice those concerned about the workers as human beings must take action to assist them. The need for the Kit is still as current as when it was first developed. The body of information available to teach others about migrants is still limited. There is a need to continue to update the material and to disseminate the information across the country to that migrant workers, those people making us the best fed nation on earth, can benefit from the same rights and privileges enjoyed by the rest of us.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

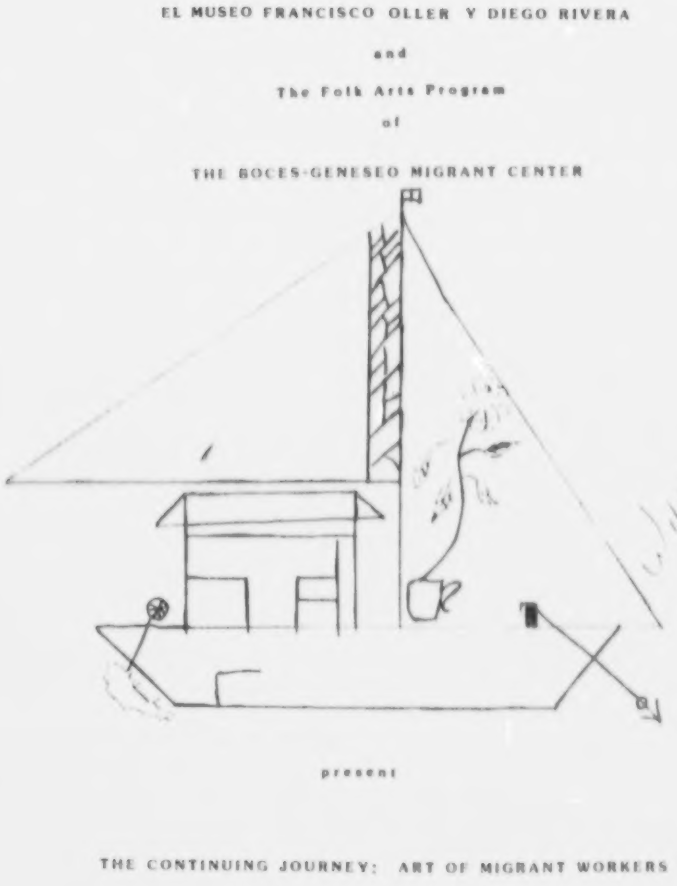
The Flower in the Boat: Folk Art of the Migrant Workers of Mid-New York State

MARY ARNOLD TWINING

Using the flower and boat (Fig. 1) as the mastpiece of this article —and for this entire volume — has special significance in discussing the workers and their lives in the Migrant Stream. The flower was drawn by one of the Haitian workers as a response to our inquiries to them at the camp about folk art and their interest in it or willingness to participate in a program involving it. Another worker came along and drew the boat around the flower. The boat turned out to be one of the most significant of symbols among the artistic motifs which the workers produced. Many of the workers throughout the camps are people of the African World, Haitians, Jamaicans, African-Americans, and Puerto Ricans in separate camps divided mainly by ethnicity, language and circumstance. The boat is representative in one sense of their having been brought from Africa to the Caribbean Islands. Many years later the harrowing trip from Haiti to the U.S. mainland was undertaken in barely seaworthy craft. In the island nations of the Caribbean, boats, fishing gear and fish are central to daily life and subsistence, especially for those living in the coastal regions. The boat for the Haitians also symbolizes the *Vodun* spirit of the waters, the *lwa, Agwe,* whose protection is desired in a tumultuous world and whose anchor symbolizes a stabilizing influence (see Chierici's article, this volume).

The flower might represent the seasonal nature of their lives as they follow the crops up and down the Eastern Stream (the general routes followed by the workers travelling from crop to crop). The flowers come and go as they do, living a short season and then disappearing. Together the flower and the boat comprise a fitting emblem of the ongoing travel which is their life and the ephemeral nature of the vegetables which they harvest.

Characteristic of the agricultural and marine surroundings from which they come, the boat and the flower and various kinds of vegetation reappeared often in the drawings made by the workers during the season. The coactive way in which the drawing came about is also reflective of the cooperative work teams, known among Haitians as



EL MUSEO FRANCISCO OLLER Y DIEGO RIVERA

and

The Folk Arts Program

of

THE BOCES-GENESEO MIGRANT CENTER

present

THE CONTINUING JOURNEY: ART OF MIGRANT WORKERS

Figure 1

"The Flower in the Boat." Cover of the catalog for the first exhibition, mounted at El Museo Francisco Oller y Diego Rivera, in Buffalo, 1985 (see Twining 1986).

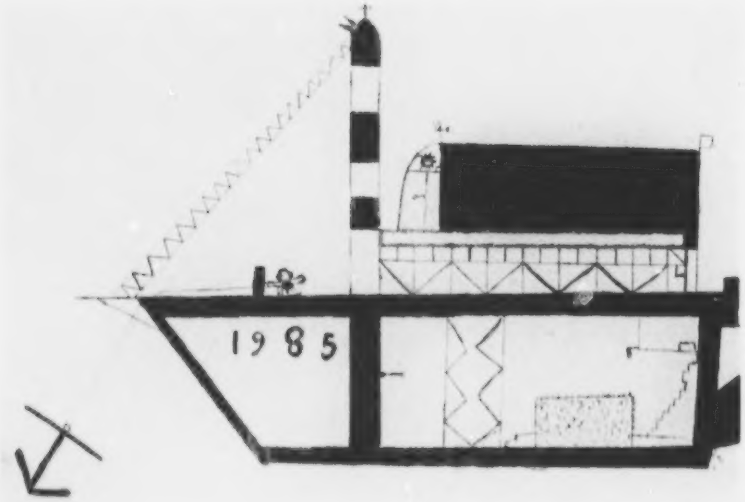


Figure 2

*"Boat," by Haitian worker. Graphite drawing. This, and the boat in Fig. 1, were inspired by the emblematic ritual drawings (*veve*) for Agwe, the deity (*lwa*) of the sea in the cosmology of Haitian* Vodun. *Agwe is the protector of seafarers — and of those who travel in the "migrant stream."* *Photo: M. A. Twining.*

"combite". Similar cooperative agricultural work teams are common in West Africa. The drawing is also illustrative of the traditional attitudes toward creativity. Some African societies encourage creativity in anyone who wishes to participate while others incline toward classes of specialists whose life preoccupation is that of carving or music making or whatever the field of expression may be. The enrichment and harmonious stabilization of life is considered a necessary goal, so that otherwise agriculturally productive members could be released from such tasks in order that they might attend to other modes of expressing enduring values of the society. Such activities are seen to insure the continuance of life and culture.

The folk arts endeavors among the migrant workers serve much the same functions though their group is semi-nomadic and not settled as in village societies. All the forms of artistic expression are reinforcing to the workers as people from a culture rather than just economic entities brought to a strange land to pick apples or to dig potatoes. When we discuss with them the genres they might choose in participating in the folk arts program, they are quickly and visibly inspired, and they speak enthusiastically of the ways and materials with which they did it back home. Among the different camps, according to the country of origin and inclination of the present year's personnel, the

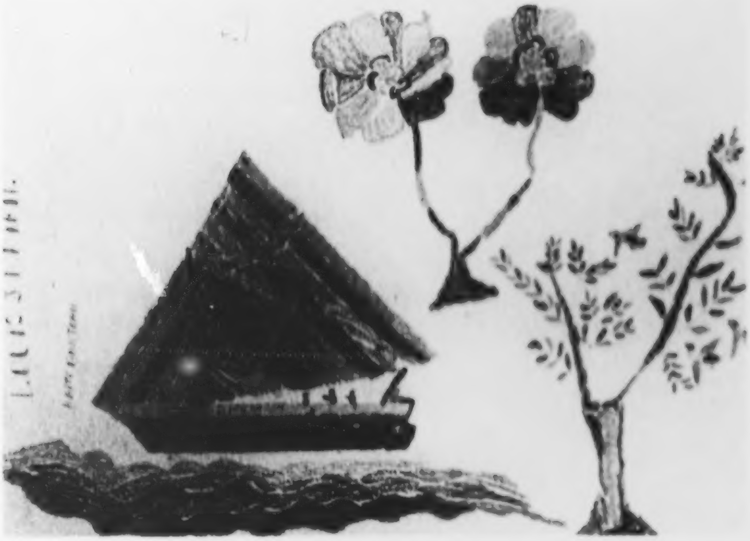


Figure 3

"Haiti Barteau" [sic], by Haitian worker. Colored chalk. Note the flowers, and the tree and birds. Boats and vegetation frequently appear together in the art of Haitian migrant farmworkers, emblematic of the two central components of their life: travel, and work in fields and orchards. *Photo: M. A. Twining.*

camp residents select what they want to do.

The verbal arts, such as story telling, jokes, songs, proverbs and folk speech easily manifest themselves among the African-Americans. These expressive activities need no equipment — only a good memory and the facility to turn circumstance into a good yarn or dramatic byplay. Guy Brett states that "people are turned into artists by the pressure of events . . . pressures which heighten a need for art in its multiple role of therapy, desire, communication, memory and love of beauty, which is present in everybody but which is stifled in modern normality" (Brett, 1987). He is speaking of the immediacy and expressivity of contemporary visual folk art but it applies as well to verbal artistic behavior.

The Haitians as a group and as individuals are multi-talented and open to creativity. The arts program clearly provides a respite from their cultural and physical isolation as well as the boredom which can set in once the working, washing, and eating activities have been accomplished. It gives them something to occupy their thoughts as they plan their drawings, stories, musical turns, embroidery projects etc. Furthermore it creates a bridge between them and the viewers of the art work, initially staff members and subsequently the public. Overleaping the language barriers, they make painting, drawings, embroidery, baskets, tin lanterns, boat models, fish nets, kites, wood carvings, and more (see Twining 1986). These items show the artistic side of a domestic economy and speak a language all their own of the lifestyle from which the workers came and the universal needs all people have for sustenance, shelter, light and play. In addition they tell stories, sing songs from home, dance in their own style and write plays and poems.

The Jamaicans are usually few in number although they may be more numerous in the outlying areas which the BOCES-Geneseo Center does not serve. They show interest in carving, basketry and visual arts.

The Puerto Ricans decided to form a band and concentrated their energies on playing varieties of folk and popular music from Puerto Rico, including *bomba, plena, aguinaldo,* and *salsa.*One or two dominant personalities would usually take over organizing the band and its repertory, suggesting and remembering songs. Other quieter individuals would take the opportunity to sing and play the guitar from time to time when the band had temporarily run out of steam. On one

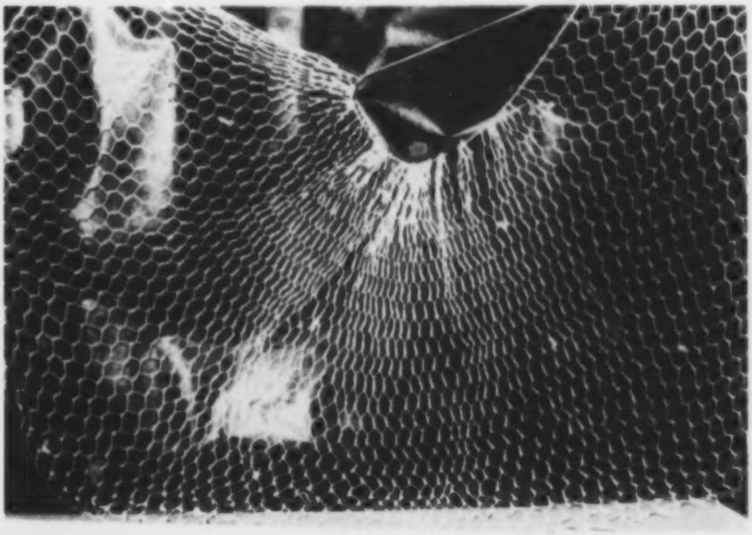


Figure 4

Fishing net, by Haitian worker. Painstakingly made by a land-bound migrant farmworker in mid-New York State, this net, like the boats, is expressive of a central component of Haitian cultural values. *Photo: Liz Boettger.*

occasion when the band had stopped and things had quieted down, two young men on bongos and conga drum started playing *bembe*, an Afro-Cuban rhythm they knew. It was very exciting as it was a sudden breakthrough from the popular beach music and the band had been playing to something which had ancient depth and authority from their African background. The Conga drummer was very articulate about the Indian, European and African elements that made up Puerto Rican music and drumming. Another young man played the guitar one evening when the band had ceased, remarking that he was a member of a Christian Holiness church and did not like to play secular music. He played some quiet songs and hymns which contrasted with the "dance band style" of the band. The performance of the band formed a bridge toward the other workers at All-Camps-Day, with members of surrounding communities some of whom were Puerto Ricans who have "settled out." The video tape made of the Puerto Rican musicians was a part of the art show the third year.

The African-American gift for verbal artistry found articulation in a richness of poetic expression which resulted in response to workshops and visiting poets who went to the camps. The poems of the workers with accompanying photographs constituted one section of the third year art show. Where the verbal energy and creativity of the African-American workers in one particular camp really showed itself was in a rap session, well described in Roark-Calnek's article in this issue. The tradition of topical speech and/or songs complaining about working conditions is part of a long established tradition both in autocthonous and diasporic African societies. The other end of that continuum of song and speech events consists of "escape" oral literature which allows the joy of utterance and gives the emotional release of the challenge of verbal duels as well as stories of unrequited love, scarcity of work, social affect or other commodities of comfort. African songs can complain of or praise conditions or attitudes of surrounding people. References may be oblique or direct, depending on the intensity of the sentiment, the mood of composer and singer, the relationship between singer and the referent of the songs, and correspondingly the mood or reputation of the object of their laments. In the Caribbean, such songs may complain of the high price of food (often charged by the foreman or driver) or hardship on the job. The Sea Islands of the United States have songs such as "Pay Me My Money Down" which encourages the "rich" people to pay their wages on time. Openly the song states that the singer wishes he were of such a station that he could watch people work rather than doing it himself. Sea Island workers were known to sing a rather pointed song about Judas if they suspected that a fellow worker was reporting their activities to an overseer.

In more modern times in the Sea Islands, I recorded songs of two migrant workers called Joe and Remus Lee on Johns Island, S.C., one of whom had settled out on the island and other was born and raised there but went as a migrant to other areas to make money. One of the functions Joe had in the migrant camps where they were locked in at night was to sing for the other workers both to entertain them and to express their weariness and frustration with the life pattern in which they were caught. Joe's song, "I'm Gonna Walk the Milky White Way, One of These Days" is suggestive of escape from the present economic hardships just as were the songs his ancestors sang about stealing away to Jesus or stories they told about flying back to Africa. Remus Lee sang about a boss who would not treat him right but also emphasizing the boss's common humanity with him ("Yes you ain't so big, you just tall, that's all"). Remus Lee as the person who had settled out from somewhere else, speaks more openly in his song, having less at stake in this community. Joe, whose family had lived on Johns Island for generations, couches his complaint in somewhat more traditional and subtle terms leaving the hearer to infer more from his words. (See Twining and Saunders 1970.) some of these folkloristic themes have been brought into popular African-American music where the commentary and complaint about social conditions in this country have been broadcast in the popular media.

In the material collected by Roark-Calnek, we see that the African style of call-and-response, the practice of challenging participants to contribute a verse, and the duelling of rap performers show the tradition is strong. Wherever African-Americans are together needing the relief of expressive behavior such customs calm the tensions created by low pay, difficult conditions and uncertainties about how much they can take home with them after the season is over.

There are several theories of folk art and what it constitutes, various schools of thought on what the term embraces and what is true and pure in the field. Certain nations have nationalized folk arts, so to speak, by means of folk museums, folk schools and the deliberate fostering of the folkloric arts. The most commercially successful people concerned with folk art in the United States are certainly the antique enthusiasts and collectors (see Joyce 1986). Because of the relatively high stakes involved, some people who deal with folk items use words like "primitive" to indicate the more domestic household articles and the more authentically American of the things in question. In fact, some of these things are just old, not antique, but nonetheless collectible according to the taste of the collector. Copying has gone on so long as to render some of the copies antiques almost in their own right. There is also a kind of folk art which is practiced by individuals in the community who are expressing the values and aesthetic judgement of their culture. Although such artists and artisans conceive and embellish from their own artistic imagination, the overall framework is from within their cultural tradition. Here again the word "primitive" is heard, especially in reference to paintings. Another label is "naive". Here we should note that the main principle separating "folk" from "fine art" is the circumstance of instruction. Whereas folk artists receive informal instruction often by example and apprenticeship, fine artists acquire their training in more formal situations in classroom or studio. Art historians utilize such terms as "naive" and "innocent" in a technical sense to denote the products of a more informal grounding in art. The connotation of such terms, however, often seems uncomplimentary — even pejorative — when used in reference to people and their folk art, especially in our case.

For the purposes of our program with the migrant workers, and this journal, the usage "folk" and/or "traditional arts and craft" is appropriate. In this context, art can be perceived as one of humankind's enduring preoccupations and accomplishments. In its own cultural frame, one may appreciate how folk art fits into the ongoing life of the community and what it expresses about the values of the members of the culture, wherever they may be, while it charms, amuses, entertains and enriches people's lives. It is appropriate therefore to set up such exhibits of traditional arts complete with contextual photographs, biographical data on the artists, when available, and a certain amount of educational material with relevant explanations.

This is what we have done with the shows we have had each year for the workers and the public who have come to see the art, listen to the music and approach an understanding of the migrant workers. Their art has served as a cultural bridge between them and the host community in which they find themselves. The folk arts also serve to keep fresh their memories of home as well as to communicate their determination to improve their life conditions here by showing the items they would like to acquire: motor boat, motorcycle, chandelier, etc. As in oral lore, the folk art shows some evidence of what their life was actually like in Jamaica, Haiti or wherever. Some examples of the domestic objects which simply but effectively display their homely truth are tin lanterns, fishnets, kites and baskets. Their aspirations are indicated by the drawings of airplanes and other accoutrements of affluence. While they eat their rice and peas from home, they look at the pictures in the Sears catalog and yearn for the day when they will live in a house with a tin roof rather than a straw thatch, with a motorcycle parked outside. It is not given to us to know whether all these dreams and hopes will be fulfilled. What we can do however is help in offering possibilities of expression about their lives within the folk arts which are familiar to them already. Where the flower bloomed and the boat sailed were the sunlit waters of home. Now in the migrant stream they still travel and find new flowers to see and admire in the advertisement of manufactured goods. Their art is expressive of a dynamic moving time in their lives, reaching toward the safe harbor of a new stable life, enduring rough passage until their goal be reached. The arts provide a temporary shelter in the remembrance of their home culture. They are in possession of their own folkways as they participate in the Folk Arts Program and have a special expertise in demonstrating it, so for a brief period the tables are turned and they teach the BOCES teachers, and staff, and the public at large about themselves and their lives. The Folk Arts Program also provides a modality for the public to increase their awareness of the workers and to understand them in a more humane way through the evocative media of art.

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Migrant Art: From Field to Gallery

SYLVIA KELLY

Picking Potatoes
Picking up potatoes
Twenty-two cents for a bag.
Pick two buckets
Dump them in one sack
Then you just do
The same thing
Over
And over again.
You can stand on your bag,
Crawl on your knees,
Or — you know —
Just sit down and slide.
That's all about it
Really
Picking potatoes.
Eartha Bridges
Bernice Hammond
Lois Hammond

The average working day for a potato picker in Wyoming County starts early. In some camps people begin with a good breakfast or at least grits or a donut with coffee; in some camps it is only coffee. Whichever is the case, workers are in the field early. The mechanical "digger" moves along the rows turning over the ground and pulling the potatoes to the surface (the plants having been killed a week or so earlier by herbicide spray). The workers move along the rows either bending, crawling or sliding, picking up the potatoes as fast as they can from the collection of potatoes, rocks and clods of mud. In most cases they use buckets; two buckets are dumped into a 65-70 pound sack. This year workers were paid from 27 to 30 cents a sack for their labor. There is usually a cooler with drinking water available, but no toilet facilities in or near the fields. Lunch is a half-hour break with the usual fare being two slices of white bread, two slices of bologna with mayonnaise, and a can of soda pop or beer. The average price for this lunch is $2.50, or more than 9 bags of potatoes. Work continues until all the potatoes which have been dug are picked up, often after dark since leaving potatoes in the field overnight could mean losing them to a frost. When the workers return to camp they are coated from head to toe with "potato dust," the windblown soil from the potato fields. They shower and eat. Some cook their own suppers, while others buy them in the commissary. Supper may be the only bargain a worker receives 'on the season.' The average cost for a supper is from $3.50 to $4.50, and it is usually well-cooked, reasonably nutritious, and there is plenty of it. It always includes a vegetable like greens or corn; some meat such as pig hocks, chicken or pork chops; rice or potatoes; and corn bread, rolls or sliced bread. Beer or liquor is available, although the crew leader does not have a liquor license. It is offered at a one to two hundred percent mark-up, as is everything the isolated migrant worker needs to buy, including tissues, soap, cigarettes, or personal items.

That is the essence of potato picking from the migrant farmworkers' viewpoint. Many other factors contribute to the daily experience of the worker in upstate Western New York: health problems related to the climate and the constant dust breathed, financial woes of being trapped in a 'company store' situation which often leaves the worker in debt to the crew boss, alcoholism, social and cultural isolation, and lack of educational and vocational opportunities.

The camp itself is a cinderblock or corrugated metal longhouse, a series of back-to-back 8 x 10 rooms with a central common room, the commissary. Here the people eat, drink, play cards, listen to music if there is a 'picolo' or jukebox, and fight. Here too, they study, in one of the few educational programs along the East Coast which is conducted within the confines of migrant camps. It was this educational program which served as my introduction to the Migrant Center in 1974. The In-Camp teaching program sends two-man teams of teachers into every camp it serves (20 camps in 1974) two nights a week for the entire migrant season, late August to early November. In the evenings, after the workers have returned from work and eaten their suppers, the teachers work with them on basic literacy, adult basic education, and high school equivalency test preparation. They teach English as a Second Language to those who need it, and survival skills (i.e. how to get needed services in isolated areas) to all. That year, a friend of mine was a teacher in the program and talked me into applying for the position. I was a high school English teacher and had never met a migrant farmworker.

As soon as I was hired and briefed, Robert Lynch drove my teaching partner and me to our first camp, introduced us and left. We conducted a needs assessment among the workers, chatted briefly, shared some books and magazines, and left. The next day we learned that the crew boss had declared we were not to come back. Bob explained that it sometimes went that way, but they expected to have another camp for us soon. A week later, he called to say we were going to Steuben County to talk with a farmer about the possibility of teaching on his camp. When we found the farm, the farmer was extremely cordial, and told us 'his people' could have anything they wanted; he wasn't going to stop them. In fact, he went on, they'd take anything you offered them, need it or not. Moreover, he waxed to his subject, they were no good and it was no use doing anything at all for them! By the time we managed to edge away, he was yelling at us and demanding that we never set foot on his farm, or else. Throughout the exchange I had only said, "Pleased to meet you." I was reconsidering that. In all I was hired to and fired from three migrant camps that season, and never taught at all.

The next year (1975) as my family and I were returning to New York from a summer in Michigan, we pulled into a rest stop near Batavia and were surprised to see Bob Lynch running up to the car. "Hey, Sylvia," he yelled, "Want to try the camps again?" The formal approach always wins me over, so I agreed.

My partner, Roy, and I were driven to the Willie H. camp, introduced and left. ("Abandoned" was the way we felt.) Mrs. H., a large vicious-tongued woman who ran the kitchen, and her daughter Carrie Mae were the wives of the crew bosses. Carrie Mae sat down with me and several of the women from the camp. I had asked them to help me fill out an interest assessment form, and Carrie Mae ran her finger down the list of possible interest items, stopping at 'nursing'.

"Oh, you mean if we just work with you for a few weeks, that means we'll be able to go out and get a nursing job?" she asked, slyly.

I explained that the list was to help me find materials related to their interests, and that if she checked the 'nursing' box, while I would not be able to teach her to be a nurse, I might be able to help her discover what the requirements were for learning to be a nurse, what nursing programs were near her home area, and what steps she would need to take to prepare herself to apply to a nursing school. I noticed that the other women nodded at this explanation, and the atmosphere thawed somewhat. Still, no one checked 'reading' or 'arithmetic' as an interest. Several women asked if I knew how to crochet, since 'knitting/crochet' was listed on the assessment. I admitted that I was not very good at it, but I had a friend who might help us. I would see. The women exchanged, "Yeah; I told you so" looks. On the way out that evening, Mrs. H. yelled at us that we'd better not plan to come back if we were going to make a mess. (We were serving free coffee to our students and the rest of the workers; the camp kitchen charged the workers a quarter a cup! After that we made it a point to leave the coffee area cleaner than we found it. In fact, we usually began our teaching sessions in that camp by sweeping the floor and wiping off the tables where we planned to study. On several occasions we caught toddlers running barefoot across the cement floor of the camp carrying empty liquor bottles or nearly stepping in glass before we had time to sweep up.)

The weekend following my first night in the camp I sat down for coffee with my friend Connie Thomas, a craftswoman. "How'd it go?" she asked.

"Connie, I have a little favor to ask . . ."

So the next session found Connie and Roy and me in a tiny car crammed with yarns and boxes of donated used clothing and blankets for the workers, the coffee pot and 'fixings' piled on top. I introduced Connie to Mrs. H., who looked her up and down and snorted, and to Carrie Mae, who was friendly. Roy wiped off the tables and set up the coffee area, and I helped Connie spread out her materials. Sarah, one of the women who had been most interested in crochet, who managed to live somewhat tidily in one of the 8 x 10 rooms with her husband and seven children, came shyly in and sat down, feeling the yarns with her fingertips. Connie pulled out a 'granny square' on a crochet hook, and began making her fingers fly. After a minute, she started her spiel.

"You just bring this around this, pull this through here, and there you go. Get to here, turn it like this . . ." and before we knew it, she had both Carrie Mae and Sarah holding crochet hooks and making 'granny squares'. Then, just as several men and women came in, still dusty from the fields, Connie pulled out a cap she had fashioned entirely of the 'granny squares'.

"Anybody interested in something like this?" she asked brightly.

The men turned as one, and one of them stepped forward and held out his hand. Connie gave the cap to him, he slipped it on, tilted it down over one ear and everyone in the camp had to have one! Thus began a cottage industry in which the women turned out caps and sold them to the men for two or three dollars. The Migrant Center teachers seemed to be good for something after all, and shortly after Connie's visit, Roy and I had several individual students working on reading, writing, or math, and several people who formed a discussion group doing survival skills activities.

Connie was sent to another 'difficult' camp, the following week, with the same results, and we set up a tour for her. She became our itinerant crafts teacher (Fig. 1) funded with a tiny amount of money from the New York State Council on the Arts (NYSCA) for migrant entertainment. Some nights she went to camps with the teachers, on other nights she went out alone. At the end of the season, she suggested a vehicle be rigged with art supplies to travel from camp to camp. The Center already had two large trailers used as portable teaching sites, and recognized the practicality of the idea. A converted

Figure 1

African-American worker, "Buttercup," making a basket with crafts teacher, Connie Thomas, 1985. *Photo: Jeff Schumacher.*

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school bus was donated by the Lyndonville Migrant Program and filled with art and craft materials arranged in teaching areas. Bob Lynch became a mechanic/bus driver/magician, keeping the bus running for two migrant seasons (1976-77). He would drive the bus to a camp site, park it and connect the electricity, and Connie would teach from the bus for a week or two. The New York State Council on the Arts increased our funding slightly.

During this same period CAPS (Creative Artists in Public Service), a New York State organization which provided grants to artists in return for some public service, arranged for an artist for one or two days each season. The Migrant Center needed only provide transportation funds. One of the CAPS artists was an Hispanic poet. My husband is also a poet, and when the CAPS poet joined us for dinner, the idea of a poetry workshop was born. The Migrant Center applied to Poets & Writers, Inc. who were excited by the idea and have contined to fund a series of poetry and fiction workshops and readings ever since. The first poetry workshop took place in a Steuben County labor camp and produced the epigrammatic 'Picking Potatoes'. We have since had poetry readings attended by as few as two workers and "full house" poetry readings where workers stood up and joined the visiting poet by reading or reciting their own work. A poet who read in French, Spanish and Creole inspired a Puerto Rican worker to say, "His words are like gold from the heavens."

Several Afro-American poets who have visited the camps have stressed the Black tradition of oral poetry, rhyming, rapping, 'dozens', etc., and one woman poet specialized in work which spoke particularly to young men and women, advising them in rhyme to get their lives in order. While some of the poetry produced was oral, most of it was written. The poets conducting the workshop brought the handwritten copies back from the camps and they were typed and copies made for the migrant poets and the Center. At the ends of several seasons books of workers' poetry were compiled, two with accompanying photos. One is included in the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit (see Lynch article, this volume).

We continue to seek funds to print some of these poetry books for distribution to libraries.

As our possibilities for arts activities expanded, we applied for more funds from the Council. Within a few years we had a program, CAMPS (Creative Artists Migrant Program Services) which offered 'staff artists' such as Connie Thomas who travelled from camp to camp on nights there were no teachers in those camps, and taught and/or performed their art. We have had, over the years, such diverse art forms as mime and juggling (including fire juggling), tinsmithing, drawing and painting, fiber arts, papermaking, stained glass working, and photography. In addition, visiting artists came once or twice each season usually performing for one large camp or several camps combined. These artists offered dance, blues singing, gospel singing, dramatics, and mime. We discovered Meet the Composer, Inc., an organization which funds composers to produce or perform original work. They first funded us for a performance by the late Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, who played blues in a Wyoming County labor camp, where Sonny met a man he had grown up with in the South. Terry and McGhee returned for several years, at first performing in commissaries, later in a Wyoming County high school auditorium so that we might share their performance with the public, and ultimately singing in a local theater.

The present Bucket Dance Theater, directed by choreographer Garth Fagan, was once called "The Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . ," and when we hired two dancers (all we could afford) to perform in a migrant camp, four showed up. They fell in love with the workers and the workers fell in love with them, and the Bucket continued to dance in their bare feet on concrete floors until our funding source heard about it and explained to me that we would all be in trouble if I couldn't find a decent floor somewhere. We found a high school auditorium, and earned part of their fee by charging admission.

One area church provided their gospel choir which drove to one of the camps and sang in the commissary. As they left, one worker climbed on the bus with them and wouldn't leave until they promised to return the following year.

As the program continued to grow, the workers were consulted about which arts activities most interested them, and the program was shaped by their requests. Some years it is not possible to find the activity desired, but we continue to try, and the response from the workers has been excellent. The CAMPS program takes some credit for helping the teaching program gain acceptance with the crew bosses and farmers. I have already mentioned the difficulties we often encountered gaining access to some camps. Teachers can be threatening; if your workers don't know how to multiply well, perhaps they won't question their pay stubs, but once they are educated, they become more difficult to 'manage'. But the arts program was popular; workers heard about it and its activities from other workers and applied pressure on the crew bosses to allow the program in their camp. It was not possible to have the CAMPS program without also allowing the teachers on the camps, so before too many years had passed we were teaching and performing in every camp. Connie Thomas worked with the program for several years, eventually leaving for full-time employment as a basketmaker at an historical museum, but her son Soren became an able replacement for several more years.

Since funds were still very short, we carpooled as much as possible. It was common for me to bundle three or four art teachers or performers into my car, usually with coffee 'fixings' for one camp or another, and drive from camp to camp delivering them, then picking them up again at the end of the evening. Since the camps are so geographically isolated, all Center staff share driving tasks such as delivering medicine, driving workers to the dental clinic or the emergency room, and picking up or dropping off teachers and artists who have no other transportation.

One night I dropped Soren Thomas at H. camp, drove a worker with a sudden dental problem to our dental clinic (a converted trailer situated behind a local high school), and assisted at the migrant clinic, where we had a birthday celebration for the man who drives workers to the clinic, and a tricky situation with a pregnant Haitian woman who spoke no English. At the end of the evening, we were all exhausted. I drove home and went straight to bed.

The next morning, sitting at my desk planning the schedule of teaching/performances for the following week, I saw Soren's name. "Hmmm . . . " I thought, "now let's see — where shall I put Soren? Where was he last week? He was at . . . Oh, my gosh!! *I left him there last night!*"

They tell me I looked as though I'd seen a ghost. I phoned his mother and casually inquired if I might speak with Soren. Fortunately, he was there, and quite amused by his adventure. He told me that when I hadn't shown up at the camp, someone had produced a guitar, and since he is also a musician, he'd played and sung every song he knew. When it became one o'clock, the crew boss decided that I wasn't coming, and drove him home! (This was unheard-of generosity, and the boss never allowed us to reimburse him for the mileage. He still teases me about the evening.)

With the arrival of the Haitian 'boat people' on our Florida shores, the migrant stream population suddenly changed. In 1982 half the population was suddenly Haitian. This created a challenge for the teaching program, which trained many English as a Second Language teams. The CAMPS staff artists discovered that the Haitians, in spite of the language barrier, or perhaps in part because of the communication difficulties, were enormously prolific as artists.

Robert Baron, our program reviewer for NYSCA, himself a folklorist, suggested we learn something about the traditional arts of Haiti in order to better serve these workers. He helped us apply for funds to participate in a training session with folklorist Kathleen Mundell, who suggested we begin a program with folklorist consultants as staff. The program was designed to elicit, collect and document examples of the workers' traditional art and art practices. This design has since been expanded to include exhibition. We applied for and received funding from the Folk Arts division of the New York State Council on the Arts.

The first year, 1984, Dr. Mary Twining, Dr. Rose-Marie Chierici and Dr. Sue Roark-Calnek made up the team. Rose-Marie is Haitian and able to speak fluent Creole, Mary's specialty is Afro-American culture and Sue's is American Indian and Hispanic culture. Among the three of them, we had good resources for the majority of workers, most of them being Haitian or Jamaican, Afro-American or Hispanic.

Rose-Marie concentrated her efforts in the predominantly Haitian camps, with heartwarming results. She often located hard-to-find items, such as plantains, which reminded the workers of home. In return, they gave her many gifts of their art work. In one camp, the workers asked Rose-Marie how long it had been since she'd been 'home' (Haiti), and when they heard it had been twenty-five years, the fishermen said, "We'll make a boat to take you home."

Rose-Marie found the materials they asked for, and they assured her they were working on a boat. Then one night toward the end of the season, she drove into the camp to see all the lights were out and the cars and trucks were gone. Her heart sank, but she reasoned that perhaps they had left her tools behind for her, so she stepped inside the door and turned on the light. There in the center of the commissary on one of the picnic tables were all her tools, twenty or more paintings (many signed with name, address and home phone number), some embroidery not quite finished, and in the middle of it all, a wonderful red, orange and green sailboat with paint still tacky, the SS (picture of a rose) Marie! (Fig. 2). In the spring of that year Rose-Marie did journey back to Haiti for the first time in twenty-five years. Perhaps the boat's magic worked!

Unfortunately, the Haitian workers from that camp were not around to see the first exhibit featuring their art work, but most of the workers from the other camps were, and they loved it. Mary, our curator, had arranged for the exhibit and mounted it herself at the Museum of African and African-American Art and Antiquities in Buffalo. One half of the museum was cleared for the workers' art, with the African collection being moved to the other half. In the building basement we arranged a concert by folk singer Berrien Thorn, and led small tours of workers through the exhibit.

That was the season I heard about a man who carved walking sticks who lived in S. Camp and I went out to the camp and asked around, assuming it was an older man who whittled. Evidently I inquired about whittling because no one knew what I was talking about. Finally I said, "I heard that someone here carves walking sticks," and several people said, "Oh, you mean James. James lives around back."

I walked around to the rear of the camp, still looking for an older man, and found a handsome young man of 22 dressed in an electric blue sport coat with a black flower in the lapel. (This was in a migrant camp!) "Are you James?" I gasped.

Figure 2

The "SS Rose Marie." *Photo: Gloria Mattera.*

"Yes, ma'am," he said in his soft Alabama accent.

"Do you carve walking sticks?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; would you like to see them?"

Would I!

Some were shiny red or midnight blue; others stained or scorched in spots or embedded with rhinestones. They had handles like rabbits or ducks or alligators; they were snakes or branches full of birds, and all had odd little engravings of initials or stick figures or flowers (see Fig. 3). They were wonderful. James told me he walks into the woods and searches until he finds a tree branch that is just right, then he cuts it, carries it back to the camp and carves it, every mark he makes in the wood having a special significance.

At the exhibit in the Museum one of the curators was a man from Africa. He showed the workers a map of Africa, pointing out areas which had produced certain pieces in the Museum's collection. Then he said, "Now walking sticks — I am intrigued by the walking sticks in this show. It's very interesting to me. Usually in America when you see a man with a walking stick, that's a *cane*; the man is lame. In Africa, the walking stick is a symbol: every mark on that stick represents something about either the man who carries it, or the man who made it."

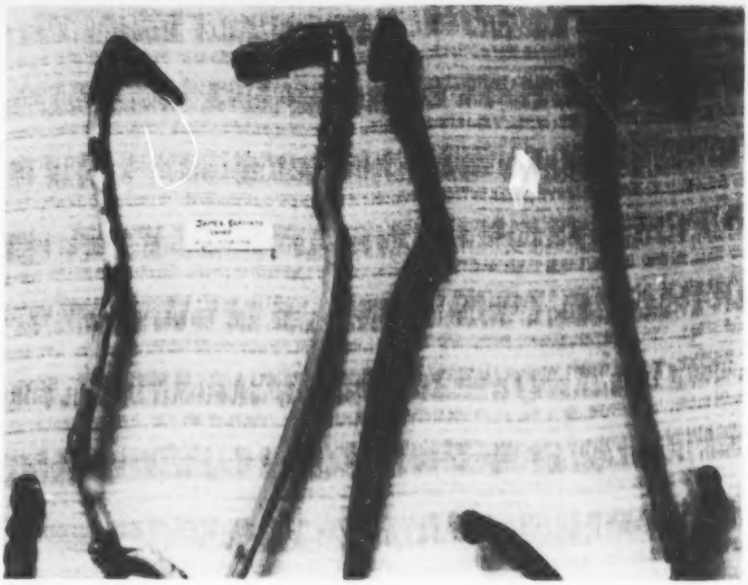

Figure 3

Carved canes by James Scrivens, African-American from Alabama.

Photo: M. A. Twining.

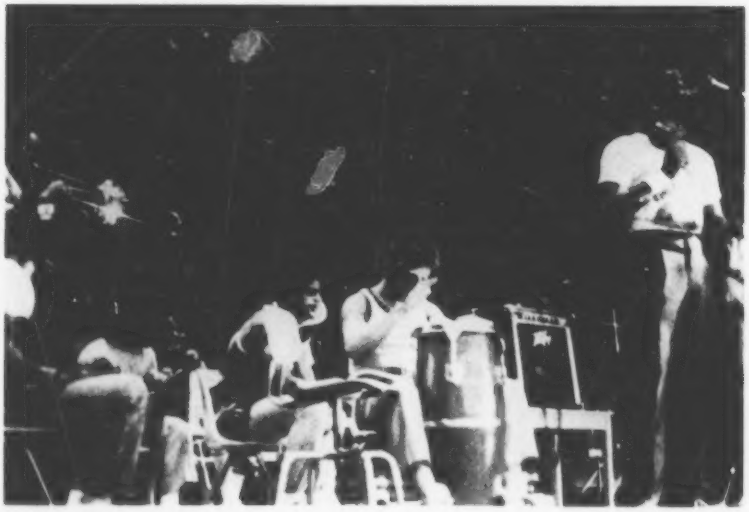

Figure 4

Puerto Rican salsa band performing at All-Camps Day, 1985.

Photo: Jeff Schumacher.

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I looked at James, whose jaw had dropped so far his chin was nearly touching his chest. No one had told him this before, but he whispered to me, "That's what *I* do; that's what *I mean.*"

Following the exhibit we visited El Museo Francisco Oller y Diego Rivera, also located in Buffalo, for coffee and donuts and a tour of their Hispanic collection, and the workers were invited to exhibit the following season's work there.

During the second year ethnomusicologist Ellen Koskoff joined the consultant staff and we began serious collecting of audio and video tapes of the workers' singing and playing. We added a small collection of basic musical instruments and a good tape recorder to the CAMPS program's supplies. The Puerto Rican camp situated at a local food-processing company was filled with musical talent; the men quickly formed a pick-up salsa band and by the time our mid-season All-Camp Get-Together (the biggest event of each season) arrived they were ready to perform for the rest of the workers (Fig. 4), one of them even playing a dried fish, *"la chapin,"* as a *guerro*, strumming it with an 'Afro' pick (Fig. 5). Members of one of the Afro-American camps were very interested in playing and singing, and at the end of the season composed one song called "Good-bye, New York," which poignantly demonstrated how much they longed for home.

Also performing at the All-Camp Get-Together were Sidney Earl Anderson, an a cappella baritone, and Tito Garcia, who played guitar and sang in Spanish. For the second year's exhibit at El Museo, the Neighborhood Musicmaking Museum (a private foundation) paid Sidney Earl and Tito small stipends to sing at the opening, performing as professionals with folksinger Berrien Thorn (see Fig. 6).

Berrien had by this time completed a recording of folk songs dedicated to migrant farmworkers, two of the songs written by him as a direct result of his involvement with the workers in Wyoming County camps. The proceeds of the record's sales have been donated to buy blankets, gloves and work clothes for the migrants, or to be added to the Emily Mattera Memorial Fund for Migrant Farmworkers, which provides emergency funds for glasses, dentures, medicines, or similar sudden needs of the workers for which there is no other money.

During the Folk Arts program's second year (1985) we began working cooperatively with Kathy Fox, of the Cornell Migrant Program in Wayne County, to share information on sources of funding and to co-sponsor some of the more expensive entertainers, forming a mini-circuit for several ethnic performers or groups. The Cornell Migrant Program also served as an exhibit site for our first season's collection of Haitian art, as did the State University College at Geneseo's Anthropology Department.

During the second year a small grant from the New York Council for the Humanities paid for Dr. Henry Frank, a Haitian specialist in

Figure 5

Puerto Rican worker playing a dried fish ("la chapin") "strumming" it with an "Afro pick." *Photo: Ellen Koskoff.*

Figure 6

Folksinger and poet Berrien Thorn and worker-baritone Sidney Earl Anderson rehearsing a number for All Camps Day, 1985. Note worker art in background.

Photo: Jeff Schumacher.

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Vodou and *Santeria*, to view our El Museo exhibit and share his findings and suggestions about the exhibit's religious symbolism and significance with our consultants. Later in the year, Dr. Karen Richman, also funded by NYCH, viewed the exhibit at the Migrant Center and worked with our staff to design 1986's program and its direction.

It was decided we needed to hire a professional exhibit designer to help us design a flexible, portable exhibit mounting which would allow the collection to be changed each year with the addition of new pieces.

Had we known before we hired the exhibit designer how difficult it would be to mount a 'real' art exhibit in the midst of migrant season I'm sure we would not have done it. The cost in manhours was staggering.

The Folk Arts program's 1986 season found us with a college student, Deb Horan, who received college credit from the State University College at Geneseo to work as an administrative intern for the Migrant Center. Deb, a dual major in art and anthropology, built the easily disassembled stanchions on which the art works are exhibited (see Figs. 8, 9), painted them with a detailed pattern of thematic stripes, and matted all the two-dimensional pieces on thematically-colored matting. She was the major force in mounting the show, finding and solving myriad problems and errors in the exhibit designer's expensive but correctible design, and bringing the show from dream to reality. This required approximately 250 hours of work by Deb, plus roughly another 200 hours of work by the Folk Arts consultant team and Migrant Center staff, in developing and printing the catalog and hand list, arranging the exhibit, assisting Deb in painting, matting and mounting, and arranging audio-visual equipment set-ups, opening night refreshments, the accompanying scholarly lecture and related events and the workers' tour of their exhibit.

Some of the problems which arose in the process of developing the exhibit, which might be typical of any such event, surprised us.

The exhibit was prepared primarily during the summer months (our grant period extends for several months only; thus work had to be concentrated in this time period), which meant that many staff members were geographically removed from each other, necessitating dozens of hours of long-distance phone calls.

Additionally, funds to pay the exhibit designer, print the catalog, purchase materials to build the exhibit stanchions, matte and label the works, and pay consultant and staff salaries for time spent working on the exhibit and catalog took a large chunk of our small budget. Without Deb Horan's internship hours we would not have been able to mount the exhibit. As it was, time and dollars spent on the exhibit meant less time for organization/coordination of schedules and services to the workers and a need for more services, such as entertainment fees, to be supplemented by private funds.

The exhibit's original design called for extremely small stanchions, which, even after being enlarged at Deb's insistence, still allowed for much protrusion of the edges of the matted pieces beyond the stanchions. Since we had a thematic color scheme, this meant that the backs of one thematic area showed behind and contrasted with the front mattes of another area. In order to solve this within the budget and our time constraints, all pieces were backed with a paper color-coordinated to the basic background color of the stanchions. Following the exhibit designer's plan of using velcro strips to mount the pieces, we found the works tended to peel off and drop to the floor overnight (necessitating several minutes work by Deb or other Center staff each day before the exhibit doors opened), or, more embarassingly, they peeled off *during* the exhibit!

Several artifacts, such as the walking sticks, brooms, kites, and fishnet, were designed to be hung from the gallery ceiling. This involved several hours of work by Deb and Center staff, balancing at precarious angles from custodial ladders, attempting to tie permanent knots in 'invisible' fishing line (and later, attempting to remove this same line from the ceiling hangers).

Other artifacts, including the baskets, crochet work, tin lanterns and wooden sailboat, as well as the audio-visual equipment, were exhibited on gallery stands, rectangular bases which required painting to match the exhibit theme.

The audio-visual equipment tended to confuse our 'gallery sitters', work-study college students who minded the exhibit and passed out catalogs and handlists during the weeks the exhibit was open. The exhibit uses a tape player with a continuous-loop audio-tape and four headphones, which play and replay 4 life-histories of Haitian workers, each beginning in Creole and switching to English translation, with worker-generated musical backgrounds. In addition, a 2-hour videotape played our copy of the Puerto Rican camp's *salsa* band. Unfortunately, during the three-hour exhibit, this two-hour tape required rewinding to be played continuously, a short and simple procedure, but one which each student attendant needed to be individually instructed to do.

In spite of these unforeseen problems, the September show was a great success. The exhibit's thesis is two-fold: we make the point that the work of these four ethnic groups, Afro-American, Haitian, Jamaican, and Puerto Rican, share not only (a) a common African cultural heritage, but (b) the more general culture of migrancy. The exhibit is divided in two parts: "These Voices, These Faces;" and "The Journey Continues." The section "These Voices, These Faces" includes work by Afro-American workers whose people have been migrant workers for a century or more and whose works include many poems and some artifacts. These were teamed with photos of labor camp and field sites and portraits of various workers. The second section, "The Journey Continues," features works by more recent entrants to the migrant stream, the Haitians, Jamaicans and Puerto Ricans, and is divided in three parts. Part one, "I Had To Leave Home . . ." offers drawings and paintings of sailboats, and the previously-mentioned model boat, representing not only a possible former life-style/vocation of the fishing people of Haiti and Jamaica, but their method of transportation to the United States as the 'Boat People', as well as, perhaps, religious images for the *Vodou* god of the sea. (We often found the chalked line-drawing of a sailboat sketched on doors in Haitian camps.) Part two, ". . . But I Remember My People and the Way It Was . . ." features drawings and artifacts of traditional scenes and practices from home. This section includes the traditional octagonal Caribbean kites, drawings of people flying these kites (Fig. 7) or playing soccer, traditional embroidery, drawings of traditional trees, leaves, flowers, *rara* horns, 'kays' (houses), tools, 'taptaps' (buses), fish and religious icons, as well as donkey and horse halters, a fishnet, and tin lanterns and baskets. This section also includes the Haitian oral histories in translation on audio-tape and the Puerto Rican salsa band on video tape. Part three, ". . . And I Will Make It Here!", consists of drawings and paintings of

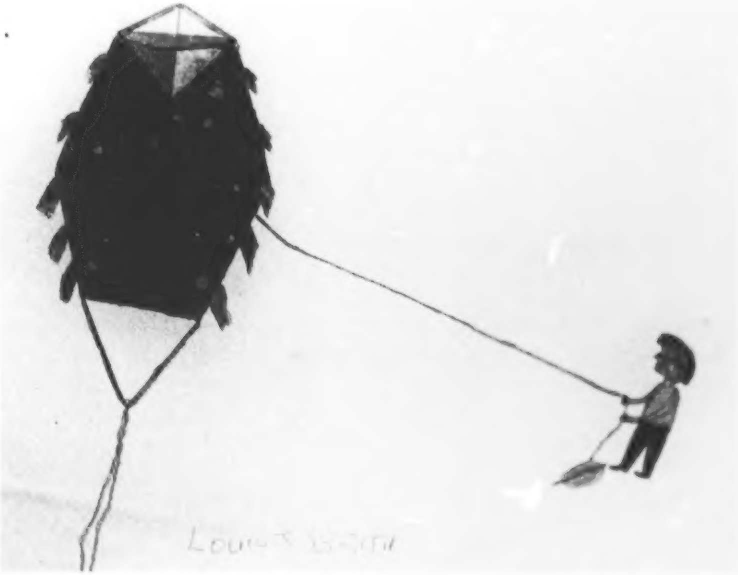

Figure 7

"Man Flying Haitian Kite," crayon drawing, part of the permanent exhibit. A real kite of paper, wood, and cloth was constructed by Haitian workers for the exhibit.
Photo: Liz Boettger.

desired possessions and activities of "the good life" in America, many of which include tracings from the Sears 'wish book' catalog. The drawings feature such dreamed-of objects as ornate houses and chandeliers or lanterns, modern vehicles and utensils, and the National Bank of Haiti.

We were fortunate to be able to work cooperatively with the State University College of Geneseo's Art Department Chair, Dr. Paul Hepler, the Department Curator, Dr. Carl Shanahan, and their able secretary, Mrs. Rheinholtz. They assisted with 1001 details of mounting, publicizing, and maintaining the exhibit in the Bertha V.B. Lederer Gallery of Brodie Fine Arts Building on Geneseo's campus, the perfect first site for an exhibition such as ours.

In addition, the SUC/Geneseo Anthropology Department, chaired by Dr. Wendell Rhodes, and SUC/Geneseo's President Jakubauskas' Committee on International Relations co-sponsored (with the New York Council for the Humanities) a lecture and subsequent exhibit walk-through by Dr. Robert Farris Thompson, Professor of Art History at Yale University, a foremost authority on African retention in the arts of the Americas and the Caribbean. Dr. Thompson viewed the catalog and exhibit prior to his lecture. During his slide-and film-illustrated lecture, Dr. Thompson made reference to various African physical gestures and artistic techniques, which he then pointed out in the migrant works during his walk-through (Figs. 8, 9). His input aided our consultant team and staff in selecting 1986 season works for inclusion in the revised exhibit.

The exhibit has since been invited to appear at the 17th Annual Eastern Stream Conference of Educators of Migrant Children, held in Philadelphia in February, 1987. Dr. Thompson, co-sponsored by the Philadelphia Foundation and the African-American Studies Department of Temple University, was the speaker, once again following his remarks with an exhibit walk-through.

In March the exhibit moved to Buffalo as a part of Dr. Twinings's conference on migrant folk art, " The New Nomads: Migrant Workers in Mid-New York State."

As we plan for the 1987 season it is impossible not to dream of the Perfect Program: time and money enough to serve each individual worker and discover his or her hidden talent or remembered lore, the ability to get the proper tradtional materials to each person, provide time and space enough for the completion of the pieces, and a way to share the work with audiences large enough to make a difference for the workers in the way they and their lives are seen by society.

On a more realistic level, recognizing that, although we may achieve slightly more funding each year, and that as the numbers of workers entering our area diminishes slightly each year as the farmers begin to mechanize and we become better able to serve the smaller numbers,

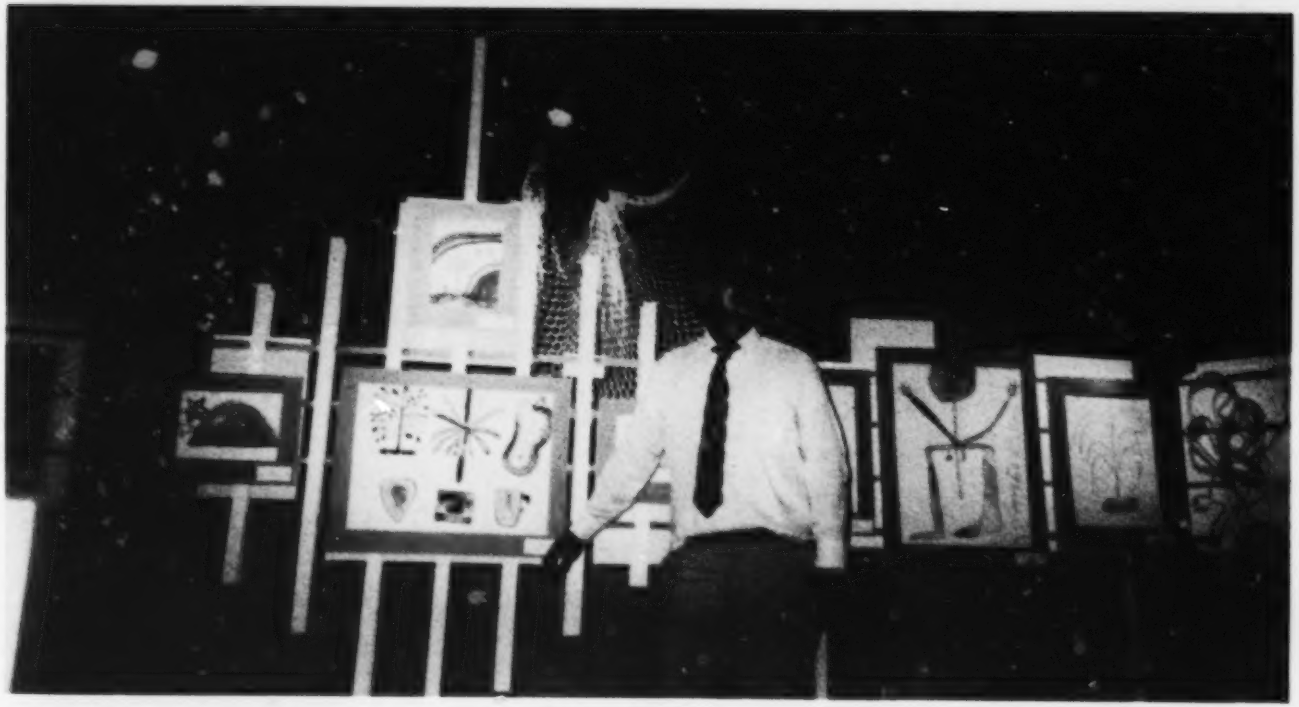

Figure 8

Robert Farris Thompson, Professor of Art History at Yale University, discusses Afro-Caribbean art at the opening of the 1986 art exhibition, September 18.

Photo: Gloria Mattera.

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Figure 9

Professor Thompson marvelled at the richness of African and Afro-Caribbean symbolism in many of the art works displayed.

Photo: Gloria Mattera.

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we remain a 'shoestring operation,' with each dollar stretched a dozen different ways. Realistic goals for at least the next several years include seeking ready access to such traditional art materials as sisal for rope and palm fronds for baskets, trying to find better ways to bridge the geographic gaps between camps and between the Center staff artists and visiting artists and the camps, and trying to find affordable ways to preserve and protect work as it travels from the camps to the Center, and to store it between seasons and exhibits. We will continue to look for funds to print and distribute a book of selected workers' poems and photographs, and to assist some of the more talented artists in pursuing their art or craft. We will continue to work cooperatively with other migrant programs to assist them in developing such arts programs and circuits for performers. And we will continue to search for other sources for funds and donations to improve the program.

As we continue with these pragmatic goals, it remains impossible not to dream of the day when each migrant farmworker, whatever his or her background, may be recognized as a valuable and contributing member of our society, with a culture worth sharing and preserving, worth bringing from the fields to the gallery.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

The Expressive Culture of Migrant Farmworkers : Theme and Constraint in Contemporary Performance

SUE ROARK-CALNEK

This essay is an inquiry into the expressive culture of migrant farmworkers. It develops an approach to expressive culture as enacted performance, and exemplifies this approach with a case study of verbal and musical performance in a migrant camp.The research reported was conducted through the CAMPS/Folk Arts Program of the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center.

I include under the rubric of "expressive culture" all those aspects of culture which have as a principal function the communication of meaningful messages about the self in society. They include the arts, much ritual behavior, and playful activities: games, sports, and verbal byplay. These last activities seem to be ends in themselves but they can also be read like texts for what they tell us about people's lives. The methodology is familiar to anthropologists from the influential work of Clifford Geertz (1973), among others.

For the purpose of research on migrant farmworkers this approach has two advantages. First, "expressive culture" can embrace both "folk culture" and "popular culture", a distinction which has long bedeviled folklorists (see for example Glassie 1968:1-33). With the advent of research into urban folklore and occupational folklore (Paredes and Steckert 1971;Dorson 1978), some of this now appears to be a moot point. Authentic "expressive culture" includes the forms that people regard as expressively efficacious, whatever their origins. The forms may indeed be derived from a folk tradition; they may also include popularized and commercial transformations of folk culture (for example, urban blues in the process described by Keil 1966) which may later be reappropriated and redefined on the local level by ordinary people and used to express local meanings. This in not unlike the process that students of "Great" and "Little Traditions" in complex societies have called "parochialization" (Marriott 1960:192ff.). I find this idea helpful in making sense of some of the materials we are encountering.

Secondly, the concept of "expressive culture" addresses a related issue in folklore studies: the relationship between "tradition" as that which is passed down and "performance" as how it is enacted. Hymes has defined the performance usefully:

> In contemporary folklore the term performance has reference to the realization of known traditional material, but the emphasis is upon the constitution of a social event, quite likely with emergent properties . . . these two latter considerations (are) essential — the performance as situated in a context, the performance as emergent, as unfolding or arising within that context. The concern is with performance, not as something mechanical or inferior . . . but with performance as something creative, realized, achieved, even transcendent of the ordinary course of events (Hymes 1975:13).

This is precisely appropriate for the investigation of Afro-American expressive culture, as Hymes recognizes in his reference to the work of Roger Abrahams. Abrahams has identified a generic pattern of performance widely characteristic of New World Afro-American communities (although he also documents local and situational variations in their realization of the pattern). He calls it "the man-of-words": a performance takes shape around the skillful manipulation of words by an artful performer in concert with his audience, who may include or comprise other performers. The performance may (as in the game of "the dozens", Abrahams 1962) involve stylized verbal contests. It works its effect by "sympathetic involvement and vicarious identification" (Abrahams 1983:2).

Men-of-words can be found in migrant farmworker camps. They were recognized nearly 20 years ago, in Friedland and Nelkin's investigations of expressive culture among Afro-American migrant farmworkers in the northeastern United States. Friedland and Nelkin were not interested in documenting continuities with Afro-American folk tradition, although some such continuities are apparent in their data. Rather, their concern was with the contemporary functions of expressive culture in adaptation to the stressful conditions of life on the East Coast migrant stream, what Nelkin (1970:29) elsewhere calls "terminal responses to frustration".

These conditions of frustration can still be found in migrant camps in upstate New York. They include: poverty (exacerbated by days without work), transience (with its attendant uncertainty and instability in social relations), powerlessness and dependency, a lack of privacy in the camp itself, and isolation from outside society. Isolation is experienced as social distance, resulting as much from ethnic and racial differences between migrant and host populations as from class differences, and as geographic distance: migrant camps are often located on back roads well away from towns. The cumulative social effects are marginality to larger society and a fragile social order within the camps.

Friedland and Nelkin examined leisure activities in the camps, most of which took place in and around the camp eating room (in their time often called "juke" or "piccolo" after the then-common jukebox). The activities included playing the jukebox, cards, gambling, drinking; storytelling and other verbal displays. Men-of-words (whom they called "storytellers") could often be identified in the camps; their repertoires included tales, jokes and rhyming sexual invective, recognizable as "the dozens" (Abrahams 1962, 1970). A content analysis of jokes and stories identified as high frequency themes: "beating the system", guileful manipulations of the protagonist's situation, and denigrating "putdowns" (often of employers or other powerful persons).

Other elements in expressive behavior included: play with personal identity through vivid and teasing nicknames; games of chance or luck as opposed to games of strategy or planning; a concern with the levelling of social distinctions; present-orientation; and a pervasive sense of time as hanging heavily, something to kill. In the context of migrancy, verbal contest and humor were deployed in ritualized protest against the stigma and powerlessness of migrants' lives, in the social control of deviant behavior, and in the mediation of social tensions (Friedland and Nelkin 1971:149-172; Nelkin 1970).

The first approximation to expressive culture in the context of migrancy is insightful, particularly in its recognition of the importance of verbal performance and its treatment of narrative themes. I find the notion of "terminal response to frustration" less helpful. But the attention given to tradition and performance in folklore studies suggests two additional directions which the investigation of migrant expressive culture might productively take.

First, as Mary Twining (in this issue) has correctly argued, continuities with traditional Afro-American and, ultimately, African culture should be identified and, where possible and appropriate, nurtured. This is a task for scholars with expertise in that area, working in collaboration with migrant artists, craftspersons, and performers.

Secondly, Abrahams' work provides a potentially useful model for the close description and analysis of expressive performance, whether "folk" or "popular" in its proximate derivation. The requirement is for data that are both *textually* detailed and *contextual* in placing the performance in its setting as an emergent and socially meaningful event. The questions here are: how do migrants construct, from whatever cultural materials are at hand, a performance that makes an expressive statement about their lives? And precisely how, beyond "terminal response to frustration," does the performance relate to their lives?

An expressive performance may have more than one function in its setting. It can simply reflect, and thus reconfirm, the way things are. It can, as Geertz (1973) has suggested for Balinese cockfights, provide an interpretive "metasocial commentary" on the way things are. It can, through symbolic inversion and transformation, ritually deny and compensate for the way things are. And, as men-of-words know, words and music are potent. Thus the transformation of the way things are in the outside world can have a redemptive character, constructing order, humor and hope out of disorder, suffering and defeat. This last possibility has particular significance for performance among migrant farmworkers. In what follows, I offer in preliminary form a case study of migrant performance, exploring the negotiation of meaning and the emergence of order.

The migrant populations served by the BOCES-Geneseo Migrant Center and the programs that serve them are described elsewhere in this issue (see articles by Mattera, Lynch, Twining and Kelly). Migrants travel up the East Coast stream from home bases in South Florida (Pahokee, Belle Glade, Fort Pierce) to pick apples and potatoes on farms located mainly in Wyoming and Livingston Counties; one camp of Puerto Ricans works in a food processing plant in Livingston County. Although 15 years have passed since the publication of Friedland and Nelkin's data, migrant living and working conditions in upstate New York have not changed greatly since that study (Friedland and Nelkin 1971; see also Thomas-Lycklama a Nijeholt 1980). In one major demographic shift, the East Coast stream now includes large numbers of Haitian workers (see Lynch and Chierici in this issue).

"Hillside Camp[1] is a small camp housing migrants who work on potatoes, grading or riding a harvesting machine. They are brought up from Florida by a crew leader who arranges employment, transportation and housing in a one-story structure with double rooms. In 1986 fifteen adult men, four women and seven children (including the crew leader's family) came up. Hillside Camp is familistic in its social organization. Kinship, friendship and neighborhood ties connect most of the workers, in particular a core group of young men ranging in age from their late teens to 30; they live close to each other, and some were in school together. Many crew members were recruited through this preexisting social network, in large part through a worker called here "Johnnie B." The two women (sisters) have stable male companions who were recruited through the network. The crew leader, who succeeded his father in the business, lives with his wife, four children and (in 1986) his wife's sister, her daughter, and his wife's father at the camp. There is little social distance between workers and crew leader, although the latter's family retain instrumental control over living and working conditions in the camp. Rates of return are relatively high in this camp, but five adults (including two relatives of the crew leader) were on their first season. Two of these played active roles in the performance recorded.

Most Hillside Camp workers live in Pahokee, Florida in the winter; some have worked there for the same crew leader in sugar cane and corn. Johnnie B., a man in his late 20's in his fifth year on the season, says that work is slack in the summer time:

> Ain't no work down there really now . . . If we stay down there we won't do nothing, you know, and we get tired just sitting around doin nothing. If we don't make no move sooner or later we might do something bad so instead of doing that you know we leave, come up, try to make something.

Field work in Hillside Camp in the 1985 season, conducted by Dr. Mary Twining, Dr. Ellen Koskoff, and myself, identified Johnnie B. as a promising informant and performer. He had played (percussion and keyboard) with Haitian and native-born Afro-American groups in Florida and was regarded by others in the camp as particularly skillful in dance as well as musical performance. Audial and visual recordings of Johnnie and other camp residents were made in 1985 and shared with the workers on their return in 1986. Johnnie then suggested that he and his friends compose and record some rap. I expressed an interest in rap about life on the stream but it was agreed that they would be free to perform whatever they wished.

Instruments for the performance were provided by the CAMPS/Folk Arts Program. Hillside workers sometimes sing, dance and improvise percussive effects in accompaniment of radio or tapes of contemporary black music. But like most migrants, they bring very few personal effects, and no musical instruments, up from Florida. No parallel to the "one-string" instrument improvised by Friedland and Nelkin's informant (1971:167) has yet been identified in our research. The instruments available for the performance included two guitars and a number of Afro-Caribbean instruments (bongos, *guiro* or rasp, maracas, cowbell, *palitos* and drumsticks) with which Johnnie was familiar and which he requested. We were unable to provide him with the drum set he wished, and which in his judgement would have greatly enriched the performance.

The recording team consisted of myself, Elizabeth Boettger (a professional photographer who has worked for some years with the CAMPS program), and Kristina Sturdevant, an anthropology student at SUNY Geneseo. I monitored the audial recordings (using a SONY Walkman Pro with an external microphone held by the performers). Ms. Boettger did still photography and gave technical oversight to Ms. Sturdevant's work with the video recorder. The equipment was in place to record preliminaries to the performance, and nearly continuous recordings were made of the evening's activity. One significant

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gap (during a crucial transition between major phases of the performance) occured on the videotape, but the audial recording preserved its sound and running field notes were taken during the evening which have been used to reconstruct the interactional context of the recordings.

The performance took place in the kitchen of the camp, which also serves as the common room for social business and classroom for in-camp instruction by Migrant Center teachers. The room's small dimension and the position of the recording equipment constrained performers' spatial configuration and movements to some degree; apart from that they were free to construct and conduct the performances as they wished. Johnnie and his friends held some previous discussions of their raps, but much of the content, and all of the enactment, of the performance was improvised at the time of the recording. It should be understood that I include in "performance" the totality of verbal, musical and kinetic display occurring in the setting during the course of the recording.

At the time of recording, and at first approximation in the analysis, the performance appeared to be characterized by considerable disorder and random noise (in contrast with the relatively tight organization of *salsa, merengue, bomba* and *plena* performance by Puerto Rican migrants at another camp). A second, and more defensible, approximation redefined these impressions: they now appeared as stylistic eclecticism and as a fragmentary or episodic and improvisational contour to the performance structure. But just as stylistic eclecticism may on analysis appear to resolve into divergence and convergence within a remarkably continuous Afro-American performance tradition (see Waterman 1952, Lomax 1970, and Maultsby 1985 for discussions of African continuities in New World music), so the fragmentary and noisy surface of the performance yields, with a close transcription of the recordings, to controlled flow and an underlying order. In this respect, the expressive performance may serve as a particularly enlightening allegory of migrant life.

In the space of two hours, some 38 distinct musical events were recorded, ranging from a slow rap on life on the stream (varying through its duration in tempo, tonality and rhythmic structure) sustained for thirteen minutes to isolated fragments of less than ten seconds. Their contents and style were equally various: desultory individual drumming and strumming as preliminaries or transitions to more focused events; eighteen distinct single-performer rap sequences, some segueing into stylized verbal dueling or invitational turn-taking; extended flourishes showcasing the skills and diverse repertoires (including Haitian and Jamaican rhythms and techniques) of two experienced drummers, four fragments of classic blues and bluesy ballads, a sexually explicit counting song, stylized frames for improv-

The rap group at "Hillside Camp."

Photo: Liz Boettger.

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isatory turntaking with call-and-response ("chickasee chickasee ah. . . . check him out"), playful turns on familiar children's songs and rhymes (Three Blind Mice, Old MacDonald, Humpty Dumpty) which also served as frames for improvisation, and (interrupting the flow of instrumental and vocal performance) an extended dance sequence to recorded "disco" with concurrent rap commentary, duels, and bop interjections.

The participants themselves understood the performance to center on rap. Two performers (Johnny B. and Tazewell) were recurrent principals in extended rap monologues and contests; others confined themselves mainly to response and "rap to order" invitational turntaking. Rap, in the recent performance sense of rhythmic talk over a funk beat (Toop 1984:8) has been traced to antecedents in a rich variety of Afro-American genres and performers, from hip hop and Bo Diddley back through verbal street performance — ring games, dozens, and toasts — to African praise singers and songs of allusion (Toop 1984; see also Shaw 1986:292-296). Examples in migrant performance vary in the instrumentation and rhythmic structure of the underbeat but for the most part follow a characteristic formula for the talk, a four-beat line arranged in loosely rhyming couplets, in which the singer's boastfully assertive "intrusive I" (Abrahams 1970:58) often echoes the older sense of rap as skillful seductive talk (Kochman 1970, 1972):

> Well I rap so fine and I rap so hard
> I rap it to the girls and I make it go far
> and then I rap so sweet and I rap so nice
> I rap it to the girls that I love the best
> Well I seen this boy walking down the street
> saya little girl that I like to meet
> you gonna fall down to the sound
> fall on the floor, with everything you know

In demonstration of the performer's virtuosity, and in challenge to his competitors, alliterative vocables are interposed with the words:

> I gotta man on a bongo way I go
> riggabugga ziggazugga ziggabyetoe

Some, to this nonspecialist's ear, have a suggestively "African" sound shape:

> mamakumoza mamaku.za
> mamakumamaku mamaku.za
> mozoba! mozoba!
> I went down to the boogie's town (laughter, "say when")
> I gotta guy something look like
> he jammed a-back to tomorrow night
> he'ma tall and he is swell

he the baddest kid they call Tazewell
(do that again, do that a-me one time)

A full stylistic analysis of the events recorded should be performed by a specialist in Afro-American music. But some other traditional and neotraditional or derivative genres can be recognized, including fragments of blues:

(Yancy:) (squeals) . . . on a rebel train. hey. oh when I first saw my baby she say she was comin by
(Johnny:) talking the blues . . . I want it. Heyhey talking the blues, oh listen to that hey. talking the blues, ahh (nah-ow, nah-ow, nah-ow) all right everybody
we first time see what they call the blues
(Tazewell:) I don't know where to go,
I don't know where to go.
When I first met you baby (Y: oh yeah)
you showed me how to know.
Look. Look owww baby you know you love me so bad.
I said one thing darlin
you something I never had.
When I sing the blues,
I'm so sweet loo loo with you. Ah-ow baby (squeal)
oh baby.

A song on the adult theme of sexual attraction and its denouement may echo children's game songs in its counting frame:

three and three she undress me
    chorus: in the bedroom all day and into the night
four and four she shut the door (chorus)
five and five she open her thighs (chorus)
six and six (line completion off-mike) (chorus)
seven and seven her belly start swellin (chorus)
eight and eight the doctor come late (chorus)
nine and nine the baby start crying (chorus)
ten and ten we start it again (chorus)

The stylistic eclecticism reflects the cultural ambience of contemporary Florida, particularly in the home base migrant communities north and west of (but accessible to) Palm Beach and Miami, where old rural musical traditions now intersect with the full spectrum of contemporary urban black music in clubs, street corners and other peer settings, and the commercial media. These last are not sharply distinct modes of transmission: people may learn to jam and rap in a peer setting over a commercial recording as rhythmic background, and their improvisations include artful appropriations of material from popular music:

(Prince:) get on the good foot, na da di na
[from a James Brown song, as Johnnie B. is calling for attention to his rap song about the season]

The stylistic mix includes crossover sound reflecting the ethnic heterogeneity — Hispanic, Anglophone and Francophone Caribbean as well as native-born Afro-and Euro-American — which is increasingly characteristic of the migrant home base itself and the urban areas to which migrants have access.

This ethnic mix is now widely represented in commercial recordings and broadcasting. But ethnic crossover is mediated by face-to-face contact as well. Johnnie B. and Benny, both experienced drummers, display rhythmic patterns, percussive techniques and embellishments learned by playing with Haitian and Jamaican drummers. Johnnie B. has played professionally with a Haitian band. On a more defensibly "folk" level of transmission, Benny spends leisure time in the winter jamming in a camp of Jamaican contract cane cutters near his home.

Benny's commentary is instructive, as much for interethnic relations as for his perception of musical diffusion:

> . . . they have homemade drums like . . . garbage cans . . . In the camp, they play all kinds of music. They have something like an organ they put together they have some little sticks they beat on it, make good music, good sound . . . something like a bongo . . ., they come from the islands . . . Jamaica, Barbajos, you know . . . see, they don't have the kind of stuff that we have in America. See, they seen those cans and they show me some, you know, they certain way how you can make some instrument, they play music off it . . . They Rasta men . . . I learned a lot about their religion, it's nice. I like their whole background about them, you know, their religion. They tell me about it all the time, tell me things nice, you know, over here. They come over here in America, make money, they come in the winter, work sugar cane . . . Well I just got to going, went to the camp . . . like I say, you know, they come from off the island . . . I told them about America . . . showed them to some ladies, they took me up, and some of them bought cars and all kind of stuff to took back, motorcycles, bicycles, radio, because they don't have all that over there and I got this . . . I got to know them. We went to drinkin, smokin, laugh up there . . . every day I go down there, maybe eat down there to the camp. They mostly love goats . . . curry goat.

For Benny, as for Johnnie B., Caribbean elements in a repertoire are indicators of a diversified social network, of brokering contacts and communication which contribute to the presentation of a valuable self. And for Benny, the attraction of a Jamaican cultural distinctiveness and coherence informed by religion is balanced by American material abundance, even when that abundance is still largely beyond his own reach. But in fact the improvisation of instruments from materials to hand which struck him about Jamaicans is true as well for native-born migrants on the stream. Benny did much of his drumming on a guitar case; others improvised percussive effects with their bodies (clapping, thigh-slapping) as well as with the instruments provided from the CAMPS/Folk Arts Program. No performers in Hillside Camp had instruments (other than radio and audiocassette "boxes") with them; Johnnie B.'s own keyboard and drum set had long since been pawned or broken.

The superficially transient and fragmentary feel of the performance derives also from the form of its constituent events. Most songs recorded (the "all day and into the night" counting song is an exception) make little use of sustained narrative development to tell their stories, relying instead on evocative images compressed into the self-contained closure of rhyming couplets or the statement-repeat-resolution (Keil 1966:52) of blues stanzas. This is particularly true of the slow rap on life on the stream presented below, in which rhyming couplets are arranged in four- to six-line stanzas with little or no narrative development from one stanza to the next. While the four-beat lines arranged in loosely rhyming couplets of most spoken/sung texts provide metric continuity to most spoken/sung texts, the tempo and the rymthmic beat of the underlying percussive accompaniment often change, within and between numbers.

This initial impression is supported as well by numerous seemingly false starts and interrupted or abruptly ending numbers. The potential for distraction in the camp kitchen setting was great, as small children (especially early in the performance) moved through performers' space, grabbing at instruments or the mike, and as people came and went through the main door behind the principal singers. It will be remembered that a camp kitchen or commissary is common space and is not exclusively appropriated for any private business. At one point, a non-participant worker walked in to show off the carcass of a raccoon. Loud and simultaneous talk between participants, which I initially interpreted only as competitive bids for attention and control, can be heard during transitions between numbers, again most often early in the evening. Some exchange of instruments, with loud talking, pointing and reaching, happens during these transitions.

A closer reading of the interaction during and in-between performance events suggests considerable flow and order to the transitions between events. The flow is negotiated and context-sensitive; participants (in particular, the principal performer, Abrahams' "man-of-words") are adjusting what happens next to their sense of the emergent order of relations between participants, and to what else is going on in their immediate environment. The loud talk of the negotiation, like the kinetic action (grimacing, arm extensions, stamping, postural bend and shake) that accompanies it, is itself part of the performance, a playful assertion of self and an intensification of the "action" (affect and involvement). The "action" conforms with Harrison's characterization of "agitatin'" (in Kochman 1981:116) and recalls the function of contrapuntal "noise" in sustaining verbal performance in St. Vincent (Abrahams 1983:122-132).

Without validation from others, even intrusive loud talk will not in fact disrupt the performance.

> As "all of the day and into the night" starts up, Benny tries to stop it, yelling "holditholditholditholdit". He stands up, leaning forward into the group and waving his drumstick. Johnnie B. and the others go right on; after a few seconds he sits down and gets into the beat.

While the transitions are negotiated, continuity across them is managed by maintaining a beat; one or more percussive instruments are in almost constant play, holding and changing the beat as the next event is initiated. This modulation of transition by the percussive beat facilitates the integration of other musicians. Management of the transition is also handled verbally, in patter consciously and mockingly assuming an MC or DJ role ("biggest DJ in south Flor'da," "I'm the boy that's back all right; the DJ's on the southeast end of PK [Pahokee] town"). In the performance recorded, Tazewell and Yancey G. play DJ; both employ vocal coloration for effect but where Yancey affects a crooning, pitch-glide ending in squeals, Tazewell's patter is a deep, hoarse gobble which moves into and out of rap. Speaking as if into a radio or club microphone, the DJ imaginatively enlarges the scope of the performance, underlining (or, in this performance, inventing) a distinction between performance and audience precisely in order to mediate it. His patter may be tagged onto the leader's rap as a transition into a percussive break:

> we all alive
> we getting down
> we generally jive
> to the super sound
> breakitdown breakitdown
> breakitdown breakitdown (cueing the drummers)

More often the patter is a transition filler, overlaying the negotiation of the performance, maintaining audience connection and cueing the next event.

> hope you havin a real nice time ladies and gentlemen
> we goin go get off with you all, now
> this is it, this is what. it. is . . . we ready?
> all right now, this is the man

Sometimes the filler talk comments on another participant:

> all right yes this baby lookit him see,
> it takes a fool to learn, you know, see

> I learned too the time I was a child that you can't (unintelligible) experience
> and you sure can't touch a thought
> yeah all right (breaks into gobbling rap)

Yancey's claim to the DJ role is consistent with his skillful mikework in the course of a number. On film, he holds the mike more than any other performer, directing it to principal singers and respondents. In the "rap to order" turntaking frames, he can be sometimes seen orchestrating the sequence of turntaking. Yancey's patter "gonna give it back to my little brother Johnnie B." underlines his relative seniority in the kin network (although not in order of employment in the crew).

But in this performance at least, Johnnie B. is very much the expressive leader, the principal "man of words". I suggest below that his claim to this role is asserted in his rap and playfully tested in verbal dueling with Tazewell, but ultimately validated in the flow of call-and-response with the group. His orchestration and monitoring of the developing performance is most overt in early numbers:

> (Johnnie:) Prince, you gotta get it right, now . . . get that beat (on the cowbell)
> let me show you how to play it
> (Prince:) I know how to play it, man
> (Johnnie:) let's do it all together, right . . . well, you get it right

By the later part of the evening the performers are so intensely involved and affectively bound to each other that the performance is a virtually seamless flow: there is almost no negotiation from the 13 minutes of slow rap about life on the stream through two related numbers sharing the rap's antiphonal response ("Flor'da boys . . . work too hard") into a series of comic, turntaking raps to order and children's rhymes, the "chickasee" turntaking song, and the closing number. And Johnnie B. no longer has to shout "get it get it right".

There is in fact an overall shape or contour of the performance, discernable in the patterning of repertoire in interaction with social participation and broadly directed by Johnnie B. The contour develops in four phases:

1. a long preliminary phase, during which individuals trickle in after return from work and cleaning up. During set-up, children are prominent and vocal; the crew leader's daughter, son and niece experiment with the instruments and challenge each other for the mike. When Benny and his companion Chandra enter, they take center stage, Chandra plays experimentally with the instruments, deferring to Benny; Benny shows off his drumming skills and talks about his Jamaican contacts. Yancey and Wally strum guitars desultorily but there is no organized group play between men.

2. group play, developing with the entry of Johnny B. and Prince

(joined later by Tazewell and Wes). An arcing spatial configuration centered on Johnny B. emerges as he takes the bongos and after preliminary drumming and exhortation begins to rap. With the arrival of Tazewell, some verbal dueling and alternation on the mike is facilitated by Yancey's mike work. As the performance begins to move purposely through a number of forms, playful negotiation between numbers is intense and protracted. Expressive leadership (principally exercised through rap) and male peer relations are now central to the performance Chandra and the children (with the exception of the crew leader's young niece Yolanda, who fights for her place in the arcing group and manages to keep a maraca) are increasingly peripheralized, although the crew leader's son produces intermittent percussion effects from the rear.

3. disco dance to a tape on a "box", led off with solo male performance by Johnnie B. and competitive male displays, followed by a male-female partnering and challenging display. All participants (including children) join in; transient partnering (to the rear or face front) alternates with individual display. Male rappers move to the rear with the mike for verbal dueling and running commentary on the dance, at one point with interposed bop by a woman. The end of the tape is marked with a collective "scream" led by a male rapper.

4. male group performance, initially centered on Johnnie B., who develops a sustained slow rap on his life on the season. This segues seamlessly (through reversal of call and response roles with others) into equal turntaking in which the rap monologue gives way to open participation and the performers are intensively attuned to each other. Performance closure, initiated by a request from the recording team, is translated by the group into a reprise of turntaking rap concluded with a flourish by Johnnie B..

The critical major juncture in the performance, between phases 2 and 3, merits closer inspection. It displays skillful management of transition between two performance modes and also offers insight into the conduct of gender relations (a central concern of migrant society):

> Jannelle, a forceful young woman who is the companion of Johnny B's cousin, is in her third season at the camp. She takes great pride in her skill as a disco dancer, and held center stage in a videotape of dance made in the 1985 season. She had looked forward to the 1986 recording, and, after a brief appearance during the preliminaries in her work clothes, went off to shower and dress in zebra-striped pants and headband.
>
> On her return, the men are intently engaged in group performance. She peers in the window behind the group, then enters by the side door with a large "box". She hangs around in the rear kitchen area, where the still photography equipment is set up, for some minutes,

then can be heard off-camera loudly talking about dancing. Something [a broken light bulb?] is on the floor and needs cleaning up. Jannelle appears on the videotape pushing assertively through the group of performers to exit by the door behind them. They keep on singing and playing. Within a few minutes she comes back through the same door with a mop, again pushing through the group and this time tapping Johnnie B. on the shoulder as she goes by. They keep on playing. She brings her "box" over to the left wall by the group and plugs it in, as Yancey starts singing the blues. The outlet doesn't work; she frowns, glares at the performers, and moves back with the "box" to the rear kitchen area, where she plugs it in and turns up the volume on her tape. Johnnie is rapping now about his job; he adjusts his tempo to the tempo on the tape. Off-mike, Jannelle again yells something about dancing. Tazewell leaves the group, goes over to the rear kitchen area, and dances solo by the photographer. Jannelle starts to shout. Johnny (still rapping) looks toward her and Tazewell, then over to the other musicians. Wes says something off-mike about dancing.

(Johnnie:) we gonna dance now.

(Yancey:) (with mike) yeah. We better get into the disco, ladies and gentlemen, we gonna have a real good time. Yeah. I love each and every one of you. Yeah . . . and I'm crazy about the sound, so we gonna go down, this is a disco next, darlin, watch the show. . .

Johnnie initiates the dance with a solo display; he and Tazewell then display for each other both also dance to the rear of the other as others watch. Johnnie produces a controlled leg tremor dancing in place; Tazewell kneels by him to hold the leg: "stop it!" Jannelle moves in, dances with Johnnie, again face to face and to the rear, but Johnnie doesn't challenge Jannelle's bid for center stage before the camera. As she continues to dance and others enter in shifting partnering and individual dance, Johnnie and Tazewell move back to the rear with the mike and begin an extended rapping duel and commentary ("do the knockkneeded . . . cause you call the dance the Knockknee when you bend you knee like you doing the knock . . . shake your ass, oh . . . watch that mamma . . .") on what's going on. Jannelle, turning to the side, sees them and dances up to Johnny, coming in on his rap line ("could I rockittothesocket and let out the beat") with a rising pitch bop "bum bum da bum dedede diggadigga-diggadigga do bum bum". They repeat a rap/bop couplet, sharing the mike. She yells amiably to Wes: "get out, motherfucker" and dances off.

The contest between men and women is not so neatly resolved in ordinary life, but in this performance there is a nice accommodation of interests, incorporating elements of contest and resolution into the performance itself. It will be noticed, however, that the key male performers assert some continuing control over the situation, by initiating and closing the dance and by an ongoing rap.

In other respects, the performance as a social process both reflects and reverses or transforms the everyday social life of the camp. It draws on existing peer and kin network relations between young men but gives them shape under the transient leadership of a man-of-words who (despite his claim to a key role in the recruitment of others to the crew) is not an instrumental leader or decision-maker for the group in other contexts. In this context, however, he lays claim to another kind of leadership, articulating and orchestrating the expressive or affective concerns of the group.

The man-of-words' claim to expressive leadership is most directly and dramatically expressed in the stylized boasting idiom of rap:

Listen pimp don't say a word
like you never heard what just I said
cause I rap so hard and I rap so sweet
I make you get up outta your seat.

I don't wannaranna rap it to the collar
everybody I know just go get inna holler
wanna rap it to the beat oughtaholleralligator
everybody I know wanna rap with Johnnie B.

The man of words demonstrates his verbal skills in contest against others. The contests negotiate and/or validate reputation and perhaps provide ritual confirmation that this verbal art is *indeed* an art with claim to social value. The contest is playfully handled in teasing exchanges between Johnnie B. and Tazewell, as in Johnnie's bid for the mike while the dance is going on:

(J:) watch this, I'm gonna get it now
(T:) here rap like this sssss
here we go, don't stop now
herewegoherewego go . . . go . . . two three four hit
(J:) ok I'm gonna get it. Lookit that mamma, gonna take it, man
(Y:) herewegoherewego y'all herewegoherewego
(J:) herewegoherewegoherewego. I'm onna request line
(T:) request line, request line. baeee (bleats)
(   ) hey, you talking to me?
(T:) no, I not talking to you talkin to you I talkin to him, to... to...
(J:) here I say, I say
(T:) everybody see what you say, I see
(J:) ok here come hey
my name John . . . hey here I am, my name-a Johnnie B.

Contest with another man-of-words is sometimes initiated through invitations which acknowledge their common level of skill and contrast it with that of other performers:

(Johnnie:) say Tazewell can you rap like me?
come on over here and let the people see
say Tazewell where is the beat?
these guys can *not* get it . . .

Beyond contest, the performance is open to, indeed requires active participation from others. The complex interactive and participatory character of African and Afro-American performance style has been frequently noticed (Thompson 1966; Chernoff 1979; Abraham 1983; Kochman 1981; Keil 1966). It is manifest in apart-playing (in which each performer contributes a distinct part of the whole), call-and-response, and openness to the audience. In this migrant performance, responses from the sidelines which flow smoothly into the performance range from appreciative interjections ("yeah" "say what") through inventive interpolations like Jannelle's diggadiggadigga bop or this sung fragment immediately preceeding the transition to the dance:

(Yancey:) I know a place
(unident. man) I know a place
(Y:) yeah . . . ain't nobody worry. Na-oh.
(woman: Chandra?) I know a place
(Y:) yeah. come here, baby
(woman:) I ain't crying
(Y:) oh no
(woman:) nobody worry

In these improvisations, timing and mood are crucial, and the context-sensitive performer is open to them. As Chernoff has put it for African rhythms, "the music is perhaps best considered as an arrangement of gaps where one may add a rhythm, rather than as a dense pattern of sound" (1979:113-114).

The most structured and continuous apart-playing and call-and-response happen between core members of the male kinship and peer network who are most intensely involved in the performance. They support the lead singer in vocal and/or instrumental accompaniment, often in overlapping call-and-response ("Flor'da boys, they work so hard"), and in kinetic displays (hand clapping, side-slapping, body sway and lean, foot-tap) in which the body becomes an instrument.

There are also structured turntaking numbers in which men take turns in improvisation within a recurrent frame, again organized as call-and-response ("chickasee chickasee ah chickasee chick......., check him out"). They allow all participants to try their hand at demonstrating verbal skills and perhaps are testing grounds for potential new men-of-words. These numbers increase in frequency and duration during the last phase of the performance. As they do so, its social dynamic is correspondingly altered, another instance perhaps of the social levelling which Nelkin finds characteristic of migrant relationships.

Yet this celebration of peer companionship and solidarity is also hard to reconcile with the anomie and conflict described in the migrant literature (Nelkin 1970; Friedland and Nelkin 1971) and apparent in much camp interaction we have observed. It should be noted that not all camp residents chose to participate in the performance. More to the point, relations between these men are not always harmonious or happy. Fighting and mutual recrimination happen not infrequently, and shortly after the performance was recorded one young man ran away from the camp. The performance thus constructs a partially idealized social order, relations between friends as they should be, not as they always are. Like many secular rituals, it both denies and comes to terms with the world beyond the performance. But the alternate world it creates has value and, however transitory, a reality of its own.

The expressive potency of the man-of-words and his friends contrasts sharply with their dependence in the workaday world on the crew leader and his wife (who were conspicuously absent from the performance). The crew leader is responsible for arranging the employment, transportation, housing, and pay of his crew and mediates between them and the employer and the outside society. Although their living and working conditions are somewhat less harsh than are those of many migrants, the configuration of structural marginality — dependency, poverty, isolation, and stigma — holds as true for Hillside as at other camps. Like other migrants the people of Hillside are traveling men and women, subject on the stream to the same constraints imposed by a transient existence. Much of the performance addresses, as often playfully as plaintively, what it is like to be on the stream.

It will be remembered that unlike many migrants who work their way up the stream, the people at Hillside Camp come directly up to New York from their "home base", where they live and, if they can, work during the winter. Work performed in the home base is often agricultural and sometimes (as in the case of a number of these men, including Johnnie B.) organized by the same crew leader. The text recorded suggests, however, that people think of the home base as quite different from the camp. In the performance the home base appears *as* home, anchoring people in a social and cultural community in contrast with their structural and geographic isolation in New York.

The home base is identified on three levels of generality: as "Flor'da Boys" (the insistent, recurrent refrain of the slow rap on life on the stream; as "South Flor'da" ("baddest DJ in South Flor'da, JR back tonight!"), and as local community of origin or residence. A delightful rhythmic break forming a transition from Johnnie B.'s rap to a more symmetrical turntaking turns into recitation of place:

(Johnnie:) I'm from Flor'da (chorus: yeah, Flor'da) (repeats four times)
(as call-and-response roles reverse and others take the lead)
(J:) they're from Flor'da)
Belle Glade (J: they're from Flor'da)
Belle Glade (repeat response)
Palm Beach (repeat response)
Everglade (repeat response)
alligator
see you later
(back to Flor'da back to Flor'da boy back to Flor'da)

In fact, most of the people at Hillside live in Pahokee, and this home base receives particularly playful and imaginative treatment. At the end of the dance tape, the man on the mike calls out:

All right, y'all this is it, this .is.it. To the Gores (crew leader) from the South, the man up from South Flor'da, South Flor'da, P-K town, Po-ho-kee. (oh, oh, say when)
haa haa everybody, everybody *scream* (chorus of screams)

The "chickasee chickasee" frame for turntaking rap is identifiedd with the home base community:

This is a dance of our P K [Pahokee] town
everybody got.a.super message, get down
ah chickasee chickasee chickasee chick (repeat, followed by improvised stanza)

Pahokee is not presented as a place of economic opportunity. In an interview with Johnnie, he speaks of rabbit hunting as an occasional source of income for the unemployed, and in the performance he and Wes sing:

(J:) we gotta small town name of Po-ho-kee
we got baddest ass from Pohokee
(W:) we can't do nothin but catch rab*bit* — hit!

But Pahohkee is home, in contrast with "New York, the Big Apple," where economic opportunities are perceived as greater in theory but not necessarily more accessible for people like them. Interviews with people at Hillside Camp indicate that, although people (including Johnnie B.) sometimes talk about "settling out" and staying up north some day, there is a powerful attraction to "going home."

Life and work on the stream itself is given expression in short, interrupted songs and one slow, protracted rap. In the first song, Wes calls out that he wants to hear something about "po-ta-toes" and men swing into a rhythmic, stressed chorus: "po-*tatoes*" to which Tazewell sets a playful appropriation of the consumption toward which their production of a potato harvest is directed. Except as indicated, the final syllable of each line has a strong stress, with an overlapping chorus of "po-*tatoes*".

tatoes baby fa'
tatoes baby fa'
I know you
tatoes is good as soup
eatem an you c'stew
you can fry em to the side
you can make-a my *fish* fry
what's coming from the set
potatoes a-side the set
the tato make two f'that
a-rich a-roch on the mo'
I'd like to jump out the do'
make a more tasty move
take the kick to the groove

More descriptively, Tazewell begins a rap with:

oh, we are-a the get set boys
we here to make-a some noise
come onna season and work in potatoes
hey guys we'll see you later

Johnnie's first, interrupted song about his "job" has an overlapping response by Yancey:

I'm goin to tell y'all about my job
I work..well, and I work and I work too hard (Y: real hard)
they try to hold me down but I try and I work everyday
(Y: I work so hard, yeah, everything is real)
a hot end up a tato, a tato field (everything is real)
I got to work so hard, just to live (Y: got two little children,
they all ought to go back to down in Flor'da)
but I can't do no better girl, I got to work so hard.

The slow rap performed after the dance is a remarkable production, too lengthy to be given in its entirety. The following extracts are representative:

Let me tell ya about it, let me tell you about it
a-let me, a-let me, a-let me tell you about it
when I work so hard e.very day
they take my job, ain't goin my way
so I have to stop and take my time
when Im going to have a hard day, to change my mind
my job is loose, and I'll stay (breaks off: I'm gonna sing about the
job, y'all, y'all
wanna hear about the job? Going to get into it)

(to a slow bongo beat)

I left Florida I had nothing to do
so I came up to New York to see what they had for me to do
a-when I cam up from Flor'da they had some real good work
me and my friends, we came to shit
we work for a man, who they's met a-on the plant
we work hard 'cause we left Flor'da, yeah

(switches melodic line and beat)
when I came from my job and I-our job
our job work the tatoes and I work too hard.
they slowed me down, they made me change my mind
and when I get back home I'm gonna tell the guy
I work too hard (chorus: Flor'da, Flor'da boy, work too hard)
I work too hard (Flor'da boy, work hard in Georgia)

(Tazewell): We left PK town on a bright day
and when I got up to New York, when I seen the girl she'm cry
I said look baby please I got some potato
and that..I'm getting into you later
I work too hard (chorus: Flor'da boys...)
I work too hard
(Flor'da boys they never ever stop)

(Johnnie:) I work in New York I work in the Big Apple
(line unintelligible)
Bob Dixon (the employer)say a-looka here son
I guess I work for you..do I wanna — let I work
I work too hard (chorus)

I work like this and I work every day
and when I get back home I have no time to play
the girl told me she told me why
I'm up early with my lovin and-a ridin high
I work so hard (chorus)

I say I love and I have my ambition
I work so hard and I work for Bob Dixon
I love you so and I love my (unintelligible) friends
I tell you what girl, I love all the boogie camp
I work so hard (chorus)

let me tell you inna feel
tell you just what I feel
I help you on the grading crew
tell you girl what I wanna do

I wanna knock out and I wanna get it
and I wanna love and I'm gonna get it

don't you stop me in any way
I love my lovin every day
don't hold me down don't get in my way
tell my love I wanna say
you with me day and through the night
I get up baby and want to fight
and every morning I cook my lunch
first thing I gotta be in a bunch
(I work so hard)

so let me get this singing on
I'll tell you bout my job back in Flor'da
well when I gone back home
I live with my mother so I'm not alone

I got to get a better deal
I'll tell you what girl, I'll work for the sugar mill

well I worked all day and I worked all night
a girl come to me and she actually right
I say I got to leave well I tell you how to talk
well I tell you what girl I'm going back to New York

New York rain bouta New York day
we ain't gonna stay too long cause the pay
we pay to the man.. oh oh.a-too much
when we get back to Flor'da we owe everything

and let me tell you bout a guy I know
the man whose singing was on the show
I tell you what I did when I came up one year
I had no teeth and I did deal
my mouth was fix and they bite the deal
I go back to Flor'da and I bet you I will

let me tell ya don't ya get no knowledge
because I go I go to Genese' College
I had a date and I got a new name
tell ya girl it's kinda funny
but now up here they call me Shorty

well now check this out I can't see
they try to help me get my GED
I wouldn't come to class so it didn't last
I got this job, I got to make it go fast

let me tell you a shortage of stamps [food]
an' tell ya bout the people that live on the camp
I got a guy that they call Yancey G.
and yet that guy he's a kin to me
I got a guy that they call Tazewell
he my friend and he rock-a real well [continues to other men]

well I work so hard up here and now
I get back to Flor'da I do the same thing
but I know they change my name
but when I get to work it ain't not the end my game

This is an exceptionally rich text with some difficulties in audibility and transcription, and it merits very close study. It can be read as a kind of metasocial commentary, and imaginative fusion of fantasy and reality which plays on themes in the singer's experience (including the tutoring and dental services of the BOCES Geneseo Migrant Center).

The action moves from Florida to New York and back again, but often with the sense of suspended time — about to leave, about to return, waiting for something to happen — that Nelkin (1970) has noticed in migrant tales and talk. Johnnie sings: "gotta make this job go fast", but in fact is does not. The refrain "I work so hard/too hard" had a double meaning in the 1986 season. The words on their surface accurately described work on the harvester or in the grading shed when there *was* work, but there were complaints from Hillside people that they had had to wait for a month before work started, and three weeks later some graders were still working only intermittently. Thus there is a note of oblique criticism in the song, echoed in the allusion to "pay" and "owing". "When I get back to Flor'da I'm going to tell the guy."

The mood swing from hope ("I got to get a better deal. Tell you what, girl, I'll work for the sugar mill") to acceptance of an unchanging seasonal round ("when I get back to Flor'da I'll do the same thing"). Johnnie actually sometimes worked hard with his in-camp teacher in 1986, but he presents himself in an (ambiguously?) "bad" light in the lines on his GED.

Far more revealing than any descriptions of work are is the song's opposition of "work" and "play", "job" and "loving" (and "friends), again the opposition of instrumental and expressive concerns and the far richer development of the latter as both more satisfying and more painful for the singer. People who have to work "got no time to play".

The work is necessary but not, on its surface, personally rewarding, and it is set against the relationships — with women in particular, but also with friends — in which the singer is really invested and which appear to define him most significantly as a man.

Abrahams (1983:46-54) has posed a provocative contrast between the locus and valuation of work and play in Euroamerican and Afro-American cultures. For the Euroamerican, he suggests, work is located in the public domain and is what publically defines the valuable self; play is private (unless one works at play, as an athlete or entertainer). In Afro-American communities, work has associations with the home, with maternal control and with responsibilities to kin, but:

> Conversely play, which is used to refer primarily to performance in this context, is learned from one's peers, commonly outside the home and comes to be *the* activity by which Afro-American individuality is asserted and maintained . . . play is..more appropriate in public, where masculine, crossroads, reputation centered values may be celebrated. (Abrahams 1983:51).

Abrahams is arguing here that Afro-American and Euroamerican cultures agree in recognizing distinctions between public and private, work and play, but differ in how these polarities are related, to each other and to self-definition. In migrant farm labor camps, people work outside in the day and come home at night, but the public/private distinction is not so easily maintained. The same people work together and share leisure hours; common space for leisure activities is usually also where people must cook and eat. Friedland and Nelkin argue persuasively that this constant proximity, with its minimum privacy, contributes to the tedium and tension they found in migrant camps. Yet the work people do offers little scope for material reward or personal growth and is devalued in the wider society. Where, then, and how, can migrants construct self-worth and mutually supportive identity?

The leisure activities enumerated by Friedland and Nelkin and observed in our work with migrants may be understood, not simply as mechanisms of escape from stress (Nelkin's "terminal responses") but also as attempts of recreating something of the dramatic and rewarding life of the street, either as experienced directly in home base communities or (after translation into popular or commercial idioms) reappropriated from the media in the process that I suggested in my introduction to this essay. Support for the latter can be found in some imagery recurring in the performance: the DJ patter, the invented audience of "ladies and gentlemen," the "request line" as a bid for the mike (and for center stage). If all this is very different from the older traditions of work songs and field hollers, none of which have as yet been identified in my work with these migrants, it is nonetheless clearly within the Afro-American cultural continuum.

The expressive leader has been described as a man-of-words, skillful at constructing verbal and musical performance, and thus potent at words. Sexual potency is a major theme in the material recorded, with greater frequency and explicitness than the examples presented would suggest, despite (or perhaps because of) the unbalanced sex ratio in the camp and the unattached status of most of the singers, including Johnnie B. himself. Words and sexuality are imaginatively linked in the contest game of the "dozens" as devices for validation and empowerment.

Other hero models appear in migrant jokes and stories recorded by Friedland and Nelkin's field researchers and in the urban street narratives collected by Abrahams (1970). Chief among them are the guileful trickster, often portrayed as small in size, and the "badman" whose rebellion against constraint is more forceful and direct. Both can be recognized in the stylized presentations of self with which the performance ends. Against the "chickasee chickasee chick...check him out" turntaking song, each performer identifies himself to the camera in evocative, often extravagant language, that, playing on the ambiguities of black experience in white America, transforms him into a hero of sorts:

> (Benny:) I'm gonna start it out. You gotta get that chickasee chickasee thing in the background, ok?
> my name is Benny
> I'm from Flor'da
> I'm a bad boy
> a bad black man
> named Benny Travis
> I come from a bad family
> from the lie
> they call it screamin' lie
> where we be dead and die
> they call it lie
> no screamin' lie
>
> I got these fellows
> their name Tazewell
> I got these dude
> he super cool
>
> (Tazewell:) I'm from Flor'da
> I'm bad too
> check it out, girl
> show ya what I can do
> I make a move so fast and you can't see

check this move out — did you seen it?

(Prince:) I am the lover
and there's no other

(Wes:) I'm so cool they call me snake
I slide in the grass
I hang in the trees
my name is snake
my name is cool

With such dreamlike imagery, men transform and transcend their lives. The ethnography of migrancy would do well to consider the dream as well as the substance of migrant lives, and in the context of the home base community as well as the camp.

NOTES

Acknowledgments. Research and documentation of migrant arts under the CAMPS/Folk Arts Program of the BOCES Geneseo Migrant Center has been funded by the New York State Council on the Arts. The BOCES Geneseo Migrant Center itself, under its Director, Dr. Gloria Mattera, and its Assistant Director, Mr. Robert Lynch, has compiled a splendid record of achievement in service to migrant farmworkers. The resulting solid foundation of mutual respect and rapport has made our work possible.

I wish to acknowledge also the support of my colleagues in the CAMPS/Folk Arts Program: its coordinator Sylvia Kelly, my fellow consultants Drs. Mary Arnold Twining, Rose-Marie Chierici, and (in 1985) Ellen Koskoff, and the Program's photographic consultant Elizabeth Boettger, from all of whom I have learned much about the culture and situation of migrant farmworkers.

Three SUNY Geneseo anthropology students assisted with our work in the 1986 season. Two of them (Ms. Debra Horan and Ms. Caroline Condon) had internships with the BOCES Geneseo Migrant Center. Ms. Horan assisted Sylvia Kelly in coordinating CAMPS programs and was an art instructor in Hillside Camp; Ms. Kelly describes Ms. Horan's exceptional role in mounting the Art Show elsewhere in this issue. Ms. Caroline Condon worked as a tutor in Hillside Camp and was principally responsible for conducting the contextual interview with "Johnnie B." Ms. Kristina Sturdevant's fine work with the videocamera has been described in the text. It is a pleasure to acknowledge their contributions and how much I have learned from our discussions, in and out of class.

1. "Hillside Camp" is a pseudonym. Pseudonyms are also employed throughout this paper for all workers and residents at Hillside Camp.

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Making it to the Center: Migration and Adaptation among Haitian Boat People

ROSE-MARIE CHIERICI

Demele is a Haitian Creole word which means to manage in the face of hardship, to make ends meet, to come up with a solution. Haitian immigrants use it frequently in their narratives to describe their experiences.

This paper investigates how Haitian cultural ideas, and specially *demele*, guide and motivate strategies which Haitian immigrants use during their migration and adaptation to American society.

Two populations of Haitian immigrants were studied: Haitian migrant farm workers who come to Western New York in the fall and Haitian immigrants who have settled in Rochester, New York. Members of both populations are part of the wave of immigration commonly referred to as "boat people." Boat people entered the United States clandestinely via the Southern coast of Florida between 1978 and 1982 having fled Haiti on small crafts. Fieldwork in Rochester started in the summer of 1980 and still continues. Fieldwork in the migrant camps took place during the 1983, 1984, 1985, and 1986 migrant seasons.

All the immigrants interviewed were of rural or low income urban backgrounds. The migrant farm workers lived in rural communities in Florida from which they were recruited into the migrant stream. The Rochester group consisted of former migrant farm workers and others who came to the city to join relatives and friends. All the immigrants spoke Haitian Creole; few could speak French. Most had only a few years of formal education, and some could neither read nor write.

Demele is central to the understanding of the strategies that Haitians use to "make it" in this country. In this paper, "making it" means, among other things, to move from social periphery to center, and to migrate from Haiti and adapt to American society. Migration itself is *demele*, it is coming up with a solution, and every strategy used in the process of adaptation is permeated with *demele*, with "making it".

In his study of Haitian immigrants in New York City, Laguerre (1984:34) argues that

> People often see the world as divided into centers and

> peripheries. In this perspective, internal/external migration is nothing less than an attempt to move from a position on the periphery to a place at the center, where one can basically enjoy a better social environment, employment, and sometimes political security.

I suggest that all Haitians recognize a social center and a periphery, that they strive to reach a less marginal position or even a place at the center. Center and periphery are not native terms but analytic concepts. However, the meaning of these concepts is easily understood by Haitians. The notion of center is used here as a metaphor to describe the goals Haitians strive to achieve, the place in society which they aspire to occupy. Migration is *demele*, finding a better job is also *demele*, both are strategies to move away from a peripheral position, ways to "make it" to the center. The center is not identical for all Haitians; it is relative to each individual's position in the social hierarchy.

"Making it" to the center means different things to different Haitians. Depending on their place in the social structure, center can mean economic stability, social advancement, or even political freedom. *Demele* (to fight for survival, to manage in the face of hardship, to come up with a solution, to make ends meet) is the ethos (see Bateson 1972 on ethos) which guides decisions and choices which Haitians make. *Demele* appears again and again in Haitians' speech. For example in answer to "how are you these days?", a man answers "*map demele pou m'wè si mta jwenn yon kòb pou voye ba fanmi'm* (I am struggling to find the money to send to my family); a market woman might say: "*map demele pou m'van poul sa yo*" (I am trying hard to sell these chickens); a man in Rochester told me that a mutual friend had opened a "*ti demele*" downtown, meaning a small store.

Demele comes into all decision making processes, and takes two crucial elements into consideration: the goal one is trying to reach, and the resources one has at his/her disposal. At each step one has to weigh gains against losses. Referring to his job situation, an informant said "*M'ap demele'm. Memsi travay la pa bon, fo'k mwen kembe'l paske m'gen fanmi pou m'ede*" (I am holding on, struggling. Even if the job is not good, I have to keep it because I have to help my family). Someone trying to find the solution to a complex problem said "*map demele kòm pou m'ta jwen yon jan pou m'sòti nan traka sa-a*" (I am struggling to find a way out of this predicament).

Several strategies are available to Haitians who wish to move closer to the center; migration is one of them. Internal as well as external migration are forms of *demele*. Until recently the rate of migration from rural areas toward urban centers was not particularly high. People came to town in the hope of furthering their education, to raise their standard of living, and to provide their children a chance to move up socially. Beginning in the mid-60's the worsening economic situation at the national level, changes in the dynamics of social relationships in rural families, and the decrease in agricultural productivity — brought about in great part by the stiffling political climate of the Duvalier regime — fostered a sizable increase in internal migration. Villagers leaving their homes in search of work swelled larger cities, taxing already shaky infrastructures. Unemployment, lack of health, sanitary, and educational facilities for the urban poor forced Haitians to look elsewhere for ways of making it (see Berggren 1980, Fass 1978, Laguerre 1978a, Locher 1977, 1978 on internal migration).

For Haitians of rural origins, external migration was, and is, a culturally accepted way of resolving problems, it is for them *demele*. Seasonal migration has been a viable alternative for rural and urban poor Haitians for quite sometime. Haitian workers had been cutting sugar cane in Cuba since the early 1900's and the Dominican Republic has long been a receiver of Haitian laborers (see Allman 1982, Chierici 1986, Diaz 1973, Leyburn 1941, Perusek 1984). More recently Haitians ventured further in the Caribbean seeking employment in French Guyana, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and the Bahamas. By the late 1970's Haitian immigrants comprised about 23% of the total Bahamian population (Marshall 1979). In an effort to break this trend the Bahamian government instated a program of interception, incarceration and deportation of illegal Haitian immigrants. The closing of the Bahamian outlet led rural and urban poor Haitians to look further north for sources of employment. With no work at home, no work in the neighboring countries, they went as far as their sailboats would carry them, the southern coast of Florida.

For many the journey aboard a *kanntè* (small boat)[1] ended in tragedy. For those who survived the crossing reality was far from what they had dreamed. When asked why they had left their country, and why they had attempted such a dangerous voyage most Haitians answer *"m'vin demele'm, m'vin chache la vi"* (I came to find a way out, to make a living). During the ordeal they were sustained by the hope for a better life in America, an obstinate faith that as long as they keep trying, *demele*, they can find a solution, a way out of their predicament, a better life. *"Bondye bon"* they say (God is good).

The immigrants' descriptions of the crossing are sad tales of hardship and suffering mixed with hope for a better future. Although many dreams of freedom and opportunities were shattered, there were also happy moments, reunions with relatives and expectations for a better future.

All those who came by boat talk about this experience in great detail. Getting into a sailboat, heading for the unknown, hoping to reach a place three hundred miles away with only the stars as guide, was the ultimate gamble and the emigrants took all the necessary precautions to ensure a favorable outcome. Christians would carry protective medals, recite prayers, invoke patron saints. Richman (private communication) reports that vodouists carried a variety of sacred objects with them on board the *kanntè*, such as empty bottles supposed to contain a potent "air" which they could release when the winds failed, and special amulets given to them by their *lwa*.

Drawings of boats often appear in the migrant camps (on doors, on walls, in pictures that the migrants draw). These boat designs reflect the impact left on the immigrants by this experience. For those who practice *vodou*, the picture of a sailboat is also a very powerful symbol, it is the *veve* (representation, symbol) of *Agwe*, the spirit of the sea. Informants told me that homesick immigrants would draw this *veve* on the ground then stand on it in the hope that *Agwe* would help them go back home. I noticed that at the beginning of my fieldwork the informants would talk constantly of the crossing and that the boats appeared in most of their drawings. Now it is no longer a central topic. As time goes by this experience is being incorporated in the lore of the migration together with other important experiences — to be told, retold, and never forgotten.

Stories about the crossing often contain descriptions like Innocent's and are told in the same style as folk tales:

"Nou vin sou batiman bouch louvri. Soley la, [illegible] *pran'l la; lapli a, nou pran'l la; van, nou pran'l la. Youn apiye sou lòt."* (We came on an open boat. There we took the sun; there we took the rain; there we took the wind. One leaning on the other).

Marie-Therese's story is poignant; like many others it reflects hope, frustration, bewilderment and a dogged determination to "make it". At the time I met Marie-Therese she was only 26 years old. After her husband left Haiti in 1980, she did not receive news from him. Then she heard that a few people from her village planned to leave on a small boat. She contributed $10.00, they *mete ansanm*, pooled their resources, and bought corn. They had a difficult crossing. She says that they spent 22 days "*su dlo*", on the water, and a few days in Cuba to fix the boat. They stopped in several places to get fresh water and food. At times they drank sea water, and it made them sick.

> While I was on the water he [the husband] sent me a little money in Haiti. Then they sent news to him that I was on the water. When my family told him I was on the water he was surprised. I had a friend who lived nearby, she called her brother [in Miami] on the phone to tell him she was going on the same boat as me, and to tell my husband. When the boat landed in Florida, everyone was taken into jail [Krome Detention Center]. My husband came to the camp, he gave my name, they called me, so he found me. He brought me clothes and things. They did not let me go. He came back to see me and bring me

> things and they did not let me go. When the day came for me to be released, nobody came to pick me up, they did not know that I was going to be freed. But I had a plan and I went to my cousin in Miami. I ran away because they said that those who did not have anybody to pick them up were going to be sent back to camp. When I heard that, I got off the bus quickly, found a taxi, I had all my papers with me. I had some money that my husband had brought and my cousin's address. But the taxi driver did not accept any money, he just brought me to my cousin's.

Marie-Therese then went to join her husband who lived in Fort Pierce where he was picking grapefruit. Since her arrival she has been sick and unable to work and send money home. At the time of the interview she had been in the States for 2 years. She had a miscarriage, a difficult pregnancy which ended in a Cesarean and was again experiencing another difficult pregnancy.

Demele refers also to the strategies that Haitians devise and employ to change situations, to create, and take advantage of opportunities in this country. Pressed into finding employment, Haitian Boat People living in Florida were easily attracted to contract farm work and migrant farm labor. This niche seemed to meet their needs to maintain a low degree of visibility. It was a form of *demele* which suited their lifestyle, an occupation which required little skill but provided the opportunity to earn money to send to their families in Haiti while looking for something better. Farmwork was also seen as a preferrable alternative to unemployment or welfare.

Haitians are considered good workers, eager to learn and to take advantage of educational opportunities. At the peak of the 1980 season, there were 21 migrant camps in the potato farming region, and approximately 600 workers — none of them Haitian. By 1986, there were only ten camps, and no more than 450 workers — perhaps half of them Haitians — at the peak of the season.

The life of a migrant worker is not easy, the pay is low (potato pickers earn .25¢/75lbs bag), work and living conditions are also very poor. Nevertheless the Haitians worked dilligently trying to *demele*, earn enough money to support their families back home.

Migrant camps are bleak, isolated, and inhospitable places. In the camps which I visited, Haitians as well as mixed camps, only the bare necessities are provided and no attention is given to comfort or aesthetic elements. Most camps are either trailers, old farm houses, or low, cinder block structures, consisting of several small rooms opening directly to the outside. They are reminiscent of cheap motels. Each room houses a family unit, or two or three single adults. In some camps single men are housed in communal rooms called "bull pens". There is a common kitchen, an all-purpose room where people eat, talk, play games, or fight. Hygienic facilities are often sub-standard, usually consisting of separate showers and toilets for men and women.

The poor physical conditions and barren surroundings of migrant camps project a desolate and depressing image. Gas stoves have leaks, old machinery and garbage dumpsters are scattered around, screen doors bang in the wind, laundry is hung to dry on bushes or barbed wire fences, and mud puddles or barren, rocky grounds welcome the visitor. There is a total lack of privacy; walls are thin, and rooms are overcrowded. Inside, the units reflect the individual character of their tenants. Some attempt to decorate the bare walls with pictures torn from magazines and newspapers. Pieces of fabric are hung on windows as curtains. Sheets or blankets make room dividers between parents' and childrens' beds, or between adults' sleeping areas. Some rooms are neat and cozy, others are messy and cluttered. Potato dust permeates everything.

Camps are often isolated, tucked away in the middle of potato fields, or barely visible from the road. They are usually located far from towns, shopping areas, or recreational facilities. Transportation is a persistent problem. Moreover, the migrants are often uneasy in these places and the shop keepers are suspicious of the migrants. Therefore, relations between the host communities and the migrant workers are tense and uneasy, neither knowing much about the other (Yamashita 1984). With no access to outside means of recreation, the camp becomes for the migrant a "self-contained universe," and one with limited social space available to each individual. Isolation, fatigue, and overcrowding generate tension, social conflicts, anxieties, as well as apathy, anger, and boredom.

Yet camps are also places where human values and dignity are ever present. In this transient atmosphere everything happens fast, relationships develop rapidly and differences are quickly, if not always peacefully, resolved. Great value is placed on sharing and helping others. Workers are receptive to outside interest and eager to talk about themselves. Individuality is important to a migrant worker, and it is reflected in the way people dress, talk, and organize their social space. Those who are talented decorate and participate in story telling and music making sessions. Creative art forms are outlets that the workers use to express their feelings about the migrant labor system, about their work, and about their place in the larger social system.

The Haitian migrants had mixed feelings about farm work, particularly potato picking. Even those who had prior experience in working the land found potato harvesting strenuous. They accepted the living and working conditions as a necessary evil but were more concerned about the pay. They indicated that they were here to *demele tèt nou* (for us to find a way out), to work, and earn money. For many, farm work is not the aspired center, it is a means to get closer to the center. It is "just a job," a source of income while waiting for a better opportunity.

Vilnord has always been a fisherman and has never done farmwork. He finds it very hard. He misses the sea and wishes that he were back home fishing. He would very much like to find work on a fishing boat like his brother. Vilnord said that he really loves the ocean and feels peaceful only when he is near the sea. But he cannot speak English, and work on a fishing boat is hard to find. His brother told him that commercial fishing in America is very different from the small scale fishing operations of rural Haiti. While waiting for the right opportunity, Vilnord was biding his time earning money to send home. With the help of his brother, *Bondye bon*, he will get his wish.

Samuel is in America with his six-year-old daughter and thirteen-year-old nephew. Since they arrived together in 1981, he has cared for the children by himself. He takes them with him wherever he goes. They shared accommodations with Samuel's brother Sauveur in Jordan Road Camp. The day I talked to Samuel, he was feeling sick and his brother was taking care of him. Although Samuel and Sauveur's situation seemed unusual, under certain circumstances Haitian men assume the responsibility for raising their children. In Haiti it is culturally acceptable for men to be nurturing, to show affection to children, and to care for them.

Although he had worked the land in Haiti, Samuel says that it is different here.

> In Haiti, you work the land by yourself. You are your own boss. You make decisions, hire people or get help, and in return help others. Here you work for somebody and he pays you. Working the land here is just a job, someone else is the boss.

And since he needs money, he says: "I push my body to its limits". He can fill up to 200 bags on a good day (earning $50.00 at 25¢/75 lb. bag) and sometimes he works with a companion. "At the end of the day I can hardly walk," he says. When the season is over he will go back to Ft. Pierce. "As soon as the fruit season [citrus] starts, you don't even have to look for a job, you work where you want." He kept his apartment in Ft. Pierce while he was away because he plans to go back there.

Although Samuel finds potato picking a tough job, he came back to Wyoming County because there are good programs for the children during the day. He says that people here are "honestly interested in us, they understand our problems, our situation. They talk to us, teach us, take us to visit interesting places, that's why I come back." Samuel's idea of getting to the center is focused on his children. They will be the ones to fulfill his dreams, they will make it even if he cannot.

Some of the Haitians like farm work and are successful workers. Ilmeus is a strong man. He has always worked the land, he enjoys it. He appreciates being outside and working hard; he can fill 250 to 300 bags of potatoes in a day. Although his aspirations for a better life were being realized, he has already set other goals for himself. He wanted to move to a better paying crop, apples for example, or form his own crew. Once his center was within reach, he started to *demele*; look for a higher goal and a different center.

Most Haitians think that migrant labor is hard work and hazardous to their health. Yet it is sometimes the only opportunity *pou fe yon ti demele*, to earn a living. The immigrants have obligations at home, children and families to support in Haiti. Through their work, their families in Haiti also have a chance to move away from the periphery.

By 1984, fewer Haitians were coming for the potato harvest, in 1985 only a few came. On the other hand, the number of Haitians working in apple orchards has steadily increased. Apple picking is a higher status occupation in the migrant labor system, work conditions are better and the pay is higher. Haitian migrant workers are also becoming aware of their legal rights and some are even forming their own crews.

For most Haitian boat people migrancy has become a way of life. Many have established good relationships with crew bosses and growers along the Eastern stream. Several have been harvesting crops in Western New York since 1981.

Some Haitian immigrants felt that they had a better chance to "make it" in the city and elected to settle in Rochester, NY. Most of them were of urban origin, had some formal education and did not like farmwork. They knew that in order to succeed in this new environment, to *"pouse pi lwen"* (to go forward), they had to take advantage of every opportunity the city and the American system offered. They joined job training, educational, and counselling programs, tapped the resources offered by social services, churches, and resettlement agencies. By now, six years after the first boat people arrived in Rochester, Haitians have built a niche for themselves in the city in spite of tremendous difficulties such as their uncertain legal status, lack of knowledge of English, lack of formal education, and discrimination. The Haitians are hard and obstinate workers. Employment rate among this group is high, above 90% according to some sources, with the majority of the workers holding more than one job. Most Haitian immigrants in Rochester are employed in the service industry, in factories and as janitors, in some cases some have been successful in finding jobs that matched their skills and work as tailors, welders, truck drivers.

Haitian boat people trying to "make it" under difficult situations have sometimes used strategies usually considered as being beyond the boundaries of acceptable behavior. In this they act like all marginal people. Immigrants eager to obtain their green cards (permanent residence permits) have contracted "*mariaj biznis*" (business marriage, i.e. a transaction wherein a Haitian immigrant pays an American citizen to marry him/her for the specific purpose of obtaining the visa); siblings have shared the same immigration documents in order to obtain work. Recently some Haitian migrant workers have been arrested for drug dealing, this caused quite a stir in the camps. When I talked about these arrests with my informants last fall, they commented that since Haitians do not do drugs because they do not have money to spare, that the dealers were just "*moun sòt*" (stupid people), trying to make money by feeding on others weaknesses. However, they were worried that this might give Haitians a bad name.

Although *demele* as a cultural principle and a strategy is shared by all Haitians, it is most evident among boat people. Haitians of rural and urban poor origins use *demele* to the fullest in their strategies for upward mobility, in their move from periphery to center.

It is difficult at this time to predict what the future holds for Haitian boat people in America. Those who arrived before January 1, 1982 will benefit from the provisions of the new Immigration Reform Act. Those who can prove that they entered the country at the right time, that they will not be a burden to the system, that they are not involved in subversive actions, etc. will be eligible (after a long and tortuous process) for permanent resident status. Those who came after January 1, 1982 hold little hope of ever joining mainstream America and could even be deported.

Another question looms large in the background: what is the fate of rural and urban poor in Haiti now? Although the fall of the Duvalier regime in February 1986 signaled the end of political repression it also aggravated an already precarious economic situation. Foreign investors fearing political unrest closed their operations taking with them 12,000 precious jobs; tourism (traditionally a major source of income) has yet to recover from the AIDS scare; agricultural production is at an all time low. These factors coupled with lack of housing, health and education facilities, a rigid social structure contribute to the dismal situation in rural areas and urban slums. It is not at all improbable that another wave of emigration will occur; the question is where will they go and how?

NOTES

1. Allman and Richman (1985) note that the term *kannte* "was appropriated from the brand name of the Japanese motor, *Canter*, which powers the fast, brightly decorated Haitian trucks. Since the period of boat migrations, the term has been used to refer ironically to the pitifully small sailboat on which peasants attempted the voyage to Miami."

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

"No One Sees Me, No One Cares:" Migrant Workers Speak

compiled, edited, and annotated by
GLORIA MATTERA, ROBERT LYNCH, SYLVIA KELLY

Many years of experience with migrant farmworkers have enabled us to get to know them as individuals through conversations, their writings — prose and poetry, and their folklore. These are preserved in the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit and its Afro-American, Mexican American, Algonquin Indian, and Haitian components. Selections are presented here. Spelling and grammar have not been altered.

Personal Sketches

The following personal vignettes are taken from the Afro-American Component to the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit, "Stories by Members of a Migrant Crew." The stories were written by the migrants in response to an in-camp teacher's request for the workers to express some of their good and bad experiences.

> I was born in Columbia, South Carolina in March of 1942. I am married I have 2 sons and 1 daughter. The best experience is Southern Railroad. I was a trolls tier. My bad experience is when I got drunk and fell down the stairs. I really enjoyed being here and I hope to see you again next year.
> Yours truly,
> N. D.
> Columbia, South Carolina
>
> July the 4 was the most terrible day because it rained, and rained and rained and I caught pnuemoina. I was born in South Carolina.
> W. H.
> St. Petersburg, Florida
>
> I am a married man but me and my wife been sirperate for about 18 months, but I still like her but we just cannot make it together. I love traveling and I love good times in life. I left my house on the 19th of June and my baby and I havn't see her since. I work in Virginia but I could not

make no money an I come up here and I still don't make much money. But I enjoy being up here. I like you all.
J. D.
Ft. Pierce, Florida

This is about my self I. am a married men. I. have one. daughter. four. and. and half-years. old-which. I. am. proud. of and for the past. Twenty. six years I. been leaven I. haven fine. The job. That. I am interest. in. so. to. speak. But because I am. cutting cabbage. now I . have to say. Thats. what. I. like. mose for. now
sinc.
J — I — S
Largo, Florida

I am single, born March 4th, 1924, Arcadia, Florida.

In 1969, I, Wiley, had an operation, which came from a fish bone that was swallow by me by accident. This was a very bad experience in my life.

In 1975, I, Wiley M., Challenge to travel in a trip as a migrant worker. So this was a good experience, for the beautiful scenery that was view by me, and the cutting cabbage, picking potatoes, and tomatoes. I would love to do the trip again.
Yours truly,
Wiley L. M.
St. Petersburg, Florida

"We Want Others to Know . . ."

To gain further insight into migrant life, different groups of workers were asked, "What do you want to know about your life as a migrant farmworker?" Here are their responses:

My face is getting infected. All these sores are where a bunch of guys kicked me last Saturday night. That's when I decided to leave the jungle. That what Buffalo is — a jungle. The rehabilitation center sent me out to the camp. First three other men came with me. Now eight more are here from Buffalo. They found out we came and thought it was a good way to get away from booze.
H. L. — Afro-American Man

Helen is the youngest and meanest of us four girls. Man, she likes to fight. Especially with me. I almost got beat up. We get into fights because I tell her Deandus, my hippy friend, doesn't want to talk to her anymore. He's my friend but she likes him. He likes me. I'm 14 and he's 15.

I helped my sister Cindy get to Arkansas. When she ran away with her boy friend. I helped both of them get out. I wouldn't tell my parents so they took me to the police. I don't like to talk to cops and I didn't tell them anything. So my parents took me back home.
B. T. — Afro-American Teenage Girl

I hunt with Jacob my grandson. In the fall I had Jacob with me. I trapped linx, I got 20; about 50 beaver; martin about 15; muskrat 32; one fisher; otter, about 8 otter, that's it!

I got 4 moose last winter too. Brought back the meat for my family to eat and use the skin for my work —make mocassins. I'm gone all winter — come back in May. About 12 times I guess I make trip back and forth. Jacob goes evertime with me. He is seventeen. We take a day to walk. Sometimes we use skidoo. We take flour and lard with us —salt and pepper — that's all. We eat rabbits and partridge. We make soup. We carry everthing back with us on the sleigh. We have metal traps #1 — they catch feet. If very cold the animals only live one night. The linx don't fight at all. They just lay over and die.
L. N. — Algonquin Indian Woman

I was about 13 when I started working. Somedays I miss school to go to work picking potatoes, cucumbers, oranges, peaches all kinds of things since I was 13. Last year I missed a half year of school. I'm 16, supposed to be in 11th grade but I'm in 9th. Tell you the truth I'd rather work than go to school. I like drawing and band.
O. F. — Afro-American Teenage Boy

The bus broke down in the middle of the highway and held up the traffic for ½ mile back. We pushed it to get it started and we rode another 5 or 6 miles. It broke down again. We were close to a gas station and we pushed it over and sat there for an hour, and we fixed it good enough 'til we got to New York. When we came through Pennsylvania we got on the wrong road and we got lost. We had to turn around and go back about 11 miles to get on the right road. We finally got set, and we made it, and the next day we had to go to work picking cucumbers.
T.R.—Afro-American Teenage Girl

I'm almost 60 years old. I had my last baby when I was about 48. Four of my children died but twelve are still alive.

In November I work on my snowshoes and sleigh. I make everything I need to go trapping. I trap beaver, martin, linx, otter, and I hunt moose. I have a 22. You kill them if you hit them in the right place.

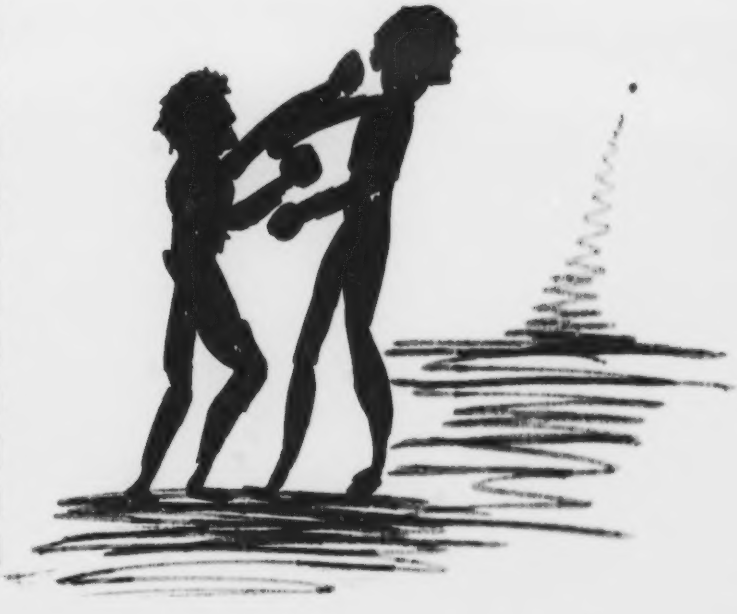
Six years ago, when Maurice was nine years old, his father shot a moose. That morning Maurice and his father went in the canoe to check the moose. They hit a stump then they upset. My husband took his son to shore first but he didn't make it to shore. He got too tired from carrying his son on his back and pushed Maurice to shore and then my husband drowned. Maurice walked 7 miles along the shore to come home and tell us his father got drowned. This happened at Ottawa River. No use having a man — They just die. This was second husband. My first man got drowned too.
E. N. - Algonquin Indian Woman

I do a little fightin. Other people claim I steal stuff. Oh, I so mad, I could kill. At the school house, equipment and stuff. I beat a boy so bad he spent a week in the hospital. That's why I don't like to fight.
C. F. — Afro-American Teenage Boy

I was born and raised in Missouri. I was raised by my grandparents (Lovie Hardy). When I was six months old, I had a disease which I caught from milk. My grandmother was holiness, and she didn't believe in doctors. She would take me to church on Sundays and the pastor would pray for me. But after that I turned to be a big devil! Now I drinks and very seldom go to church. But I like to thank God for my health and strength. I haven't forgotten to pray.
E.L.—Afro-American Woman

I am the oldest of seven boys. I began working at eight years of age on a farm for $3.50 a week plowing with a mule. In 1942 I went into the Army at Ft. Bragg, N.C. In November, 1945, I came back to Robertsonville (N.C.). I loaded and unloaded ships. After the war I did almost any kind of labor. In 1946 I left home for Baltimore. Here I worked in a rags factory and travelled around working on farms and in hotels. This year might be my last year of migrant farm work. I want to go back to Philadelphia, Pa.

I do a little fightin. Other people claim I steal stuff. Oh, I so mad, I could Kill. At the school house, equipment and stuff. I beat a boy so bad he spent a week in the hospital. That's why I don't like to fight.



From notebook by C.F., Afro-American teenage boy.

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D.T.—Afro-American Man

Some responses were given anonymously:

Nothin' but hard work — I'm a hard workin' man. One year — not make enough to save, just enough to live on. How much does it cost to get glasses? I've been with Smith all the way up. We had rain, and rain, and rain. You can't make any money with rain. All you could do was fish. I've got two poles; if one don't do it, the other will. This is my first trip. I've never been up from Florida 'til now. I've been to Philadelphia and Trenton, New Jersey.

Well, there ain't too much to tell. I'm from Tampa. I'm married — she's in Tampa. Well, she's been a church worker all her life, so she wouldn't go for coming to camp. I got six head of children. The last 12 years I been doin' this work. I like it because you're your own boss. You don't have to worry about somebody breathin' down your neck, watchin' over you while you're working.

I was about twelve years old. I was in North Carolina riding my bike down a path to the house. I have two scars. One where the big bone came out and one where the little one came out. I was born and raised on a farm and then I was a merchant seaman during the war. I drove tractor trailer. I had a wife and three children. My children are all grown and my wife is deceased. After the war, I started working in migrant agriculture. My home now is in Norfolk, Virginia. This is my first year with Mr. Dickerson. Other workers told me about Mr. Dickerson and I went north with him this spring. I like to work outside, I have to work all day. I work in produce in Virginia. Buses pick us up every day. I rent an apartment with a family. You work by the piece and get paid every day. You can make from eight dollars to twenty dollars if you hit something really good. I haven't been north for a good many years so I don't know how I'll make out. So far it's been pretty slow.

I thank the Lord my Grandmama is still alive. Both my

Mama and Papa died. I call this man and lady Mama and Papa and come workin' with them 'cause my friends are their boys. I'm not through high school yet, but I come workin' to help Grandmama buy some things she needs. I watch out for her and see nothing happens to her. The boys call me a sissy and always start fights with me. I don't like to fight. Their Mama try to make them stop but I had to scratch up one's face yesterday to make him stop.

I met Chris' father when I was babysitting for his family. I'm seventeen and my baby, Chris, is a year old. Morris, Chris' father, was nice. He gave me everything I wanted. Like if I wanted a dress he'd buy me it — stuff like that. He was happy when I got pregnant. He wanted to get married — I didn't. Well, he was married and had two kids of his own, and I thought that if he ever wanted to get back with her again he could. Morris worked in irrigation. We had our own place but I got bored and left. I went to my sister's. And they said they were going to New York and asked me if I wanted to go along. I said yes.

When I was a little boy I always wanted to travel to see part of the world. When I became 18 years old, I began to travel. I have seen a lot of different things. Show business has taught me a lot of things, and the most important thing that show business happened to me was to save a little girl's life. She jumped from the top of a ferris wheel. She was afraid because the operator of the wheel, he was drunk and he cut loose the shuckle pin and it couldn't stop, and it was running too fast. After I saved her I went and put the pin in and stopped the wheel. The accident happened in Atlanta, Florida. She didn't even get hurt.

I always want to travel, because I always heard people say that this thing was about the world and I want to know what's happening. I have found out most people have the wrong ideas, because what they say, the world is not like that.

In my travel through the South I learned that people have told me places was rough and bad. When I went there I find things all different. Things that people say they have done are all different. Our people all cross the nation, because they brings a lot of them things on themselves to be whipped and scolded. If a man acts like a man he will be treated like a man. He goes around acting like a fool, he be treated like one. It is like this all over the country. Tell the people self experience is all in life.

I been doing this about four years — I pick potatoes, cucumbers, cabbage. Then we go on our way back South — we pick fruit. I been doing this — catching and cleaning fish all my life — 41 years. I think I'll still be coming back and forth for a while yet. I like it pretty good — take off to go fishin'. I like to play sports — football, volleyball — my main thing is baseball.

My family is in St. Petersburg, Florida; Mary Alice, my wife and Eugene, my little boy — five years old. I come from a large family. I'm the oldest of eleven heads. My wife's mother just got out of the hospital with a heart attack. She's the youngest daughter, the baby daughter — that's why she couldn't come — she wanted to bad. I told her no, she better stay, her father's gettin' a little age too. We stopped in South Carolina this year — picked tomatoes. We stopped in Virginia and picked potatoes. From there to here. I worked in a factory in Florida before I did this.

Well, I'm a very energetic individual. I don't believe in psychological penal system. What I mean, the world we live in today has so many problems in it and mostly everything we do has something to do with a psychological basis — wars, crime, bigotry. Everybody's thoughts are computed one way or the other — like vibrations. We get vibrations from other individuals. Some individuals are sadistic in their moves and thoughts. Some crave as though they are pathogenic beasts. This whole world is nothing but a program and I am part. I see myself as a drifter. I have knowledge of these things. Well, I read all kinds of books — I'm self-educated. I had a few experiences with crime. I only did these crimes because of our corrupt society. I did not want to be a part of this but I had to survive. I ran away from home, stole, did everything like fight and get myself in trouble. I finished school in prison. I was always an outsider even with my own family — mother, father, brothers and sisters. I only see them every few years. Many years ago I tried to explain to my mother I understood a lot about life even though I was just a kid —this was when my mother and dad were still together. This is the reason I started stealing; I wanted the better things of life my parents didn't have and still don't have. Other kids could afford to eat in the lunchroom but I couldn't 'cause of my father. He was an alcoholic. I get very drunk sometimes when I have things on my mind, but not every day or every week. I loved my father as good as my mother 'cause she had a lot of faults too. She got to the point where she tried to hide things from my sisters and me. She should have known we'd find out anyway. I knew.

I left home when I was eleven. Even at that age I knew how things were set up — I had to go on my own. My mother told me — beat me and told me not to go. She told me I wasn't as grown as I thought I was. I was an "A" student, had double promotion — very good in art — very creative. A lawyer in Miami took me in as his own son — he was a white guy. I just met him walking down the street — I asked him for something to eat. I told him I didn't have no place to stay. I told him a lie at first — that I didn't know where my parents were, but afterwards I told him the truth. I was just afraid he'd take me back. He made me go to school — Booker T. Washington School. I went there about three years until I got into some trouble. I was in the 10th grade then and mama gave me some money — $63. I took my first drink — I stole some money from a guy in a beer joint — he had left it on the counter. The owner called the police on me, and I went to jail. From there I started doing bigger things — safe cracking, I was pretty good at that trade. Big guys used to get me and pay me a certain amount to do that job for them. I was put in jail for burglary. They had to dismiss the charge because I had read the law books when I lived with that lawyer and I knew they had violated by constitutional rights. I was a smart cat — I still am. I had insufficient representation. I used a public defender and filed a writ for them to get me a paid lawyer 'cause at the time they were liable for a suit if they didn't. I never told my lawyer friend because he had so much confidence in me — he still doesn't know it. We'd sit there together reading the newspaper about me — but he didn't know — I've had several aliases. He wouldn't have believed it anyway. They finally caught up with me for false information. I seen him last year — he thinks I'm a teacher. I used to work at a school as a substitute for my cousin —first through third grade. One time my cousin didn't

Photo: Liz Boettger.

show up to work and I took my uncle's certificates, degrees, etc. to the principal and he hired me for a substitute. I was driftin' all over the United States. I played a con man's role — got me glasses, brief case, dressed up in a suit. I got a bunch of different kinds of perfume. I told a lady (I went to a rich lady's house) that I was a representative from the Coscot Cosmetic Company, and I had a variety of cosmetics. I let her smell it and she said, "What do you have on you?" I said mink oil. The warmth of your body makes the smell come through.

Life Stories

Migrant workers provide the best information in educating others about their particular problems and the adverse situations they experience. Their stories also show the strong family ties and emotional strengths of the workers. An example, from the Mexican American Component of the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit, *"La Vida de Teresa Castillo"* follows. Teresa Castillo told this story at the age of twenty-two. She has traveled across the country from Texas to Michigan and from Florida to New York to plant, weed, and harvest the nation's crops. She continues to work as a field laborer in addition to being a wife and mother of two.

My name is Theresa. I have five sisters and one brother. As for my father, well I never met him until I was eighteen. So, you may just as well say that I never had one. In the next few words I am going to tell you my life as a migrant. Actually, at the age of nine was the first time I started going to see other places besides the Valley [Rio Grande Valley in Roma, Texas].

Here we are all packed and ready, waiting patiently for the moment to come. My mother says, "Okay, everybody up and be sure you have everything on the truck." As for me, I wanted to take every little thing that was mine but when you are traveling that far you really can't take it all. If you did, there wouldn't be any place to stretch your feet and sleep comfortably. Off we go and I am so excited. I wanted to see every creek, bridge and town that we passed. You see, we had a notebook and we were writing down the names of every creek and river that we saw. In case you are wondering why, well it's because we knew that when we started school again we were going to be told by the teacher to write an essay of what we did during our vacations.

We stopped in a park to eat sandwiches and potato chips because we weren't going to stop at a hamburger stand. Just imagine a hamburger, fries and coke for the seven of us and three cousins that went along; we would stay broke and then we would be short of money. On this long trip you can't take any chances on being without money. It was fun seeing all those different trees and rocks. Just imagine how exciting it was for us; we wanted to take pictures in every rest area. I remember once we saw these rocks that formed some kind of cave entrance and everyone wanted to be in the picture.

As for my sister and me, we didn't want to get to the place where we were going. We knew we weren't going to like it. Some of the cousins that had already been to this place didn't like it because they had to work; of course nobody likes to work. But when you come this far from your home, putting your life in danger just to come to work, you realize that you have got to do the best you can.

Here we are finally. We met the farmer for the first time. He seems kind of friendly and nice. At first it is hard to say if he is going to be nice or strict. When he gives us a home in which to stay, he asks us with a smile, how many of us are going to work. That's the way it had to be because me and my other younger sister and brother had to go to school. There were laws so we had to obey. Of course we weren't really going to go every day. You see, in the first place it was boring and we felt shameful and left out because there were all Anglos in the class and my sister and I were the only Mexicans in the whole school. I know it's hard to believe, but that's the way it was.

Well, anyways, we made a few friends and days later we became such good friends that we exchanged lunches. You see, we would take tacos for lunch and they had sandwiches. Even the farmer's kids would sometimes come to the house and ask for tortillas spread with butter and sugar on top. Well, I tell you, we thought they would get sick 'cause they used to eat a lot of tortillas every afternoon, but believe me, they never complained.

We only went to school for a few weeks before we started picking tomatoes. We were allowed to work in the fields after school, so don't think we went to school that much. Sometimes we would only go on Monday and go [to the field] for the rest of the week. Boy, were they surprised to see us in school again the following Monday. When we got to our lockers, all of our books were gone and we were so afraid for we thought someone else had taken them. Well, they weren't stolen; they were in the office. The secretary had taken them in because they thought we had left for good without letting them know.

That summer we picked mostly tomatoes and cut cabbage. For the first two summers I didn't really work that much, but we still did return year after year to the same place. Finally the time came when I was old enough to work and didn't have to go to school. We started with the beets — that takes two months. At the same time a few of the other workers that were there were busy planting tomatoes and cabbages so that by the time we finished the beets, the cabbage would be grown enough for hoeing too. Well, by the time we started cutting the cabbage we also started picking the few tomatoes that were starting to get ripe.

Well, here it is Saturday and we want to go to the market. You see, the farmer would take two girls to help sell the vegetables he took, and so we all wanted to go. But only two could go because there wasn't enough room for all of us. It was fun going to the market, we got to see all different kinds of nationalities. Some customers would stop just to ask us if we were Indians or what kind of people we were. But the fun of going to market only lasted a few weeks. Then the time would come when we had to pick for the cannery. We had to work all day Saturday and knowing Mom, she wasn't going to let us go to market. So our fun was over and now it was only work, work, work.

I remember how I hated to get up early in the morning. The sun wasn't even out yet but here we all went along, one after the other. Well, it was okay when the mornings were warm, but when the mornings started getting cooler and cooler, well, that was a different story. The tomatoes were so cold and our hands were so red from the cold, our feet half frozen. Those were the moments when I wished I were in school or any place else but there. We had to pick tomatoes the months of September and October.

Here it is time to start packing to go back home. We are all anxious to see our relatives. The one thing I don't like about going on the road is that we see some people have accidents and end up in the ditch. Once we had an accident. We were entering the city of Houston. It was early in the morning, the time the school buses are picking up the school kids. It was a real foggy morning and we were going kind of fast. My uncle was in the front leading the way, my mother was following close behind in a car we had bought a couple of months earlier, and my sister and I followed last in the pickup. It happened that my uncle didn't see the bus until it was a few feet away from him when he hit the brakes. It didn't give my mother enough time to slow down so, since she was coming kind of fast, she couldn't avoid hitting my uncle's car. She turned the steering wheel to the right, still hitting the car on the corner. She fell to the left hitting the high bank of a canal. My uncle's car was all right and just as both cars split to both sides, we passed right through the middle. We were lucky to have the passage free; otherwise, imagine us hitting both of the other two cars. It wasn't a bad accident; my mother got a small cut on her head. My grandfather was in front with her and he hit his face on the front window, cutting the left side of his face. My younger sister sprained her ankle and got a few scratches on her arm. It took us quite a long while to get everything in the pickup because we had to leave my mother's car there; it couldn't run any more. It really had a crack. Anyway, we made it home and everything was fine. A few days later somebody went to get the car and brought it home.

Well, here we are back home again. It feels great to be back, but the thought of having to go back to school gets me unhappy. Since I'm seventeen, I decided not to go to school any more. Of course my mother and grandparents didn't like it, but I won. I quit school so now I have no choice but to work.

My sister and I decided to go to Florida so we did. It was great to go to other places besides Michigan, which was the state we had been going to for quite a long time. Well, here we are in Florida, living with my uncle. He got us a job where we could work. It was field work, but of course we were used to it so it didn't bother us. There is nothing much to say about Florida because my uncle wouldn't let us go out much. So the only place we got to go was to the beach. We spent three months there and then we headed back home. Now it was the month of April and I still wasn't thinking of going back to school.

One sunny afternoon when I was sitting outside in the grass, I overheard on the radio something about a business college so I called up to ask for more information. A few days later a man came to the house telling a few things we should know about this college. It happened that my sister who is a year older had graduated that summer and didn't have a job so we both decided to go to college. I took a five-month course and she took a ten-month course. For the first few months it was kind of a strange place until we made a couple of friends and became acquainted with the place. My hardest subject was typing; it took me a long time to learn. My five months were up and yet I had not finished my typing. So I had to leave college to go up north, but it was agreed that I was to return when we came back so that I could get my diploma.

So here we go up north again to Michigan. This year it was great. The year before I had met Frankie who is now my husband. I met him at a dance. When I was fifteen my mother wouldn't let me go to dances yet. Somehow I managed to change her mind and she gave me a break. You see, my mother believed that young ladies who are fifteen should not have the privilege of going out dancing, to the theaters or to the parks on their own. My mother was the strictest kind. She didn't trust us that well to let us go to the dance on our own so she would wait for us in the pickup until the dance was over. That was my mother!

After I met Frankie, I didn't see him for three weeks and then I saw him again at the dance. We got to know each other better. Later on he would come over to our place a few times. He met all of my family. I got to meet his family and we became closer to each other. The following year his family came over to work at the same farm as my family. I got to see Frankie all day and all night. Of course my mother wasn't pleased with how I had been acting so she started getting at me. I know it was my fault too, because he and I were always together. Of course she didn't like it, so trouble started for me. She got worse and worse until I couldn't take it any longer so Frankie and I decided to elope. So we did.

We went to Kalamazoo where he had a few relatives living. We spent about four weeks there, before we came back. I apologized to my mother which was hard on me to do. I know she felt angry and unhappy with me but as each day went by she forgave me. So now here I am with a husband; it took time for me to get used to what he liked and disliked about his food and clothing and every little thing about him.

Well, it's time for my mother and sisters to go back home again. But not for me. No, now I had to stay until my husband was ready to leave. So they left and I stayed. We stayed until December. I was happy to see snow for the first time in my life. Well, when we went home, I was really sick, for I was pregnant. My mother and mother-in-law were so happy as well as everybody else. So in the month of May I gave birth to a baby girl of seven pounds. She was beautiful and we named her Maria Luisa. We were so happy to have a child that we didn't waste any time having another one. The following year I gave birth to another little girl who was named Maria Angelica. Now Luisa is two and Angelica is one. I spend a great deal of time with them and they keep me busy all day. We still go out places and visit our friends. Come to think of it, we have traveled more this year that we have children, than before when it was only the two of us. From my experience, a marriage without a child is not as happy as one that does have a child.

Carolina Mata kept a diary of her life as a migrant. She comes from a migrant family who has travelled throughout the United States harvesting various crops. She is currently married, mother of two, and working as an auditor in the Midwest. While a teenager, Ms. Mata kept a diary which she agreed to share with others. The following is the introduction to her diary and translated excerpts from it that present a view of her life as a migrant farmworker.

Photo: Liz Boettger

Photo: Liz Boettger

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My name is Caroline Mata. I was born in Grand Forks, North Dakota, July 20, 1954. For the last 15 years I've lived in Crystal City which I consider my home town as well as it being the Spanish capital of the world. I come from a family of 14, it being 9 girls and 5 boys and my parents. I've been a migrant farmworker all my life dating from the day of my birth until the present day. Among the states that I follow the seasonal work are: California, Iowa, Wyoming, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. For the most part the reason why we follow the seasonal work is due to the fact that we get better treatment from the individuals up there than from the non-Mexican American people in Southwest Texas and another major reason too, is the wages are higher up north than in Texas. Therefore, it becomes extremely difficult to finish paying bills and debts which we accumulate throughout the year. For that reason, we tend to be geared towards that direction.

In these different states that we visit yearly, we do various types of jobs. An example of some of the types of jobs which we do are: weeding, thinning and hoeing sugar beets, soy beans, corn; picking cucumbers and tomatoes; working on the potato harvest; picking strawberries, etc. These jobs I mentioned above are done according to the seasons, for there is a specific time for each specific crop; that is they go according to the months and different seasons. My father has been a migrant all his life ever since he came from Mexico when he was 12. His family used to recruit people to migrate up North so they had large trucks where they hauled workers from one area to the other. He also sings and writes poetry in Spanish, reads and writes both English and Spanish and he also speaks both fluently even though he never had a day of schooling. The rest of my family — Mom has been a housewife all her life, as well as worked in the fields at the same time. Five of my sisters are married, three in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and two are in Texas. The rest of my brothers and sisters are all in high school and elementary and junior high school. I am the first person to graduate from high school in my whole family as well as continue to attend the University level.

In the past we have had many hardships on our journeys to different places in the United States. We have been denied so many things as well as deprived from getting equal access to education, social services, food stamps and health benefits. These are some of the main problems we have encountered as we attempted to go from place to place. Yet one of the most important factors or issues which we are faced with and up to the present day are facing is discrimination in areas of prejudice and wages. Generally speaking, many of these problems are faced by the rest of my fellow migrant workers. I feel I have knowledge enough to know what I'm saying for through the process of going from one area to the other working, I get to talk to many people and they have voiced their feelings and concerns about the problems the migrants face.

Presently we still migrate to Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, Wisconsin and Illinois. We work in the sugar beets, potatoes, tomatoes and cucumbers. For the most part the housing has never changed — very bad living conditions, poor housing, broken-down wooden restrooms, insufficient shelter, insufficient health care, as well as insufficient bedding, showers. It has been statistically proven that the life span of the migrant is 49. Well, it's no wonder that the rate is high. It makes a big difference in the facilities; inadequacies in diverse areas which we encounter. The means of transportation that we use is a large truck with a canvas, completely covered, which is used as a temporary home as we depart from one place to another place. The space we have to travel is very limited. Usually the truck is crowded because it is like a portable home where we ship all our belongings as well as ourselves from here to there.

It is not easy being a migrant. Some people seem to think that we enjoy it, but it involves quite a lot of sacrifices on the part of the whole family. We satisfy ourselves with the least we can. We cooperate with one another in bad times, being a united family trying to resolve our problems as a family unit and not as individuals. We've experienced a great deal through the years that the books cannot teach us for many of these experiences have never been written down in books, and there are a lot of things about the migrant farmworker that remain unnoticed for various or unknown reasons. But one of these days, more and more people will find out about the people who put or furnish the food they eat on their tables. They might not see it in that perspective, but that is in reality the way it is.

May 23, 1975 — Where We Lived

We are living on Rt. 1, Mitchell, Nebraska. The house is real small; three rooms, the kitchen, four beds, but they are little cots where only one person can sleep and two big beds. The adults sleep on the beds and the children on a mattress on the floor. We don't have hot water or a shower to bathe. The bathroom is falling; two boards hold it up and the door is broken and it can't be closed. Needless to say, the conditions are poor.

May 27, 1975 — . . . Tiring. . .

This morning it was real cold; I put on three pairs of socks, two pairs of pants, three heavy jackets and two scarves for my head. By noon at work half of the boys had already done seven rows. We ate toast with jelly for lunch. Everyone worked today except for Armando and David; they are too young to work. Minnie and Uncle Chon went to buy food stamps for the week. We only paid $6.00 for $100.00 worth of stamps. Next week we're going to try and get stamps for a month. They came back from buying stamps around 3:00 and the rest of us had finished three rows. We got off work around 5:00. Uncle Chon stayed and worked another row. We were all feeling grubby. We get awful dirty at work, and not having a bathroom or hot water, we can't bathe every day. So you can imagine how it is. Minnie and Uncle Chon bought the groceries and we had bologna on bread, lettuce and tomatoes, and Tang orange drink. We eat anything as long as it's food. I never finished my letter to my friends in Texas. I was so tired when I got home that I didn't feel much like writing. Next week I'm going to the clinic to see what services they have for migrants because I still have a bad cold, but the hoarseness that made me sound like an old dog is gone. The kids don't fight any more, but it's so sad around here when there isn't any noise. Today we found a snake at work. Papito killed it. Roberto picked it up and scared the little children with it and the others laughed.

May 29, 1975 — I'm sick and I'm angry but. . .

Ama woke us up at 4:30 in the morning. Half sleepy and cold, we got up and put layers of pants and shirts on. Later when it starts to get hot, pants and shirts start flying everywhere. Ama made our lunch out of tongue and beans. Some ate at home and the others in the fields. It was very windy today and we came out of the field

> black. I'm feeling a little faint; I still have that cold and my chest hurts. Our skin is no longer rosy and our nose is sore from wiping it with toilet paper. We got off work between 5:30 and 6:00. After work Minnie took Sylvia and me to the clinic because I wanted to see about my cold. The doctor told me I didn't have a temperature but he would give me some pills to make me feel better. But who knows. He only gave me pills for five days, but I'm still going to the Migrant Clinic to see what they can do because this cold and chest pains are killing me. I was going to go to bed by 11:30, but I had to talk with the man who is the director of the migrants. He is from out of town and he usually comes in March or April to start getting our living quarters ready. The living quarters are very bad here where we've been coming for 15 years. There is hardly a house that has a bathroom or hot water to bathe, which is very essential. After working the way we do we need a bath to feel better. Without a bathroom, we have to heat the water and take a bath in the toilet compartment, which is falling down and stinks. We have to line up and go one at a time. And it takes forever because water has to be heated each time and brought from the house as well as cold water because the water is usually too hot. This really makes me mad, but I can't say anything. Apa says we'll be leaving in a week so we can put up with it. But I don't think it's fair we should go through this every year. Though no one says anything for fear of losing their job. And then what?

Algonquin Indian Fern Carpentier tells of his life as a migrant farmworker and an Algonquin living some of the time on the reservation in his story, *"shkwaong di nob"*.

> On April 6, 1944, I was born on a reserve in northern Canada, 87 miles north of the nation's capital, Ottawa, Ontario.
>
> Shomes, my grandfather, gave me the name of Kewaden (Kee-wa-den). I grew up like any Algonquin in the Maniwaki Reserve. My mother and I stayed with my grandparents, for my father worked a great distance away. From the age of eight to thirteen, I would go with my grandfather in the bush, hunting and trapping or fishing. When we killed a deer or moose, we'd smoke the meat and make moose jerky for winter's use. Shomes also worked for the transcontinental mail carriers. On this job, he would travel the far north. There were times

I would go along with him traveling by canoe or dogs in winter.

At the age of thirteen I started school. I quit school at seventeen to go to work at various jobs that were available, such as fighting forest fires, guiding, and lumberjacking. As a guide, I earned five dollars per day, and as a lumberjack, twenty dollars per day. By far the best wages I ever got was for moose hunting. I was paid one hundred dollars per moose. I was given the rest of the food we had left.

Alcoholism in the Reserve is quite high. So, being a product of the Reserve, I drank heavily, until one day I got sick and tired of the same old thing, working just to drink and so on.

At this time the Indians weren't allowed to drink by law, on or off the Reserve. It was jail right there and then. Yes, I spent some time in jail. I don't think there was an Indian who didn't.

We didn't have any running water, or electricity in the house. We also had outhouses. I left the Reserve for the United States and worked on a mink farm or ranch. I did such jobs as killing, skinning, skiving, and stretching. (Skiving mink consists of scraping the fat off the hide.) No matter how much you washed, you would still have the smell of mink. This would create problems in public.

The housing is very poor; in the winter one would freeze. And making $.75 per hour, out of this there was food to buy, and clothing. At the end of the pay day, I walked away with about ten or fifteen dollars for myself. This is after working ten hours per day, seven days per week. After the mink season was over, it was back to Maniwaki for the rest of the winter. This was about the 21st or 22nd of December, and I trapped or cut pulp wood or logs until spring.

Then it was the log drive. (Log drive means logs floating down the river to the mills.) Many a person died on these log drives. There are times the logs jammed and dynamite was used to unjam the logs. On one occasion I lost my uncle. The dynamite didn't explode until he went over to check the reason for it not blowing up. I have seen some good men go over the rapids with the logs and get crushed. I also had a few close calls. The log drives lasted from three to four months.

There were times when I would travel to Lemington, Ontario, approximately 350 miles, and work at the Heinz Company picking tomatoes for the rest of the summer, or fishing in the Great Lakes for a fishing company. Those weren't quite my kind of work. So I was only there once, but there are still some who do go back there. Your pay is by piece work. We would travel by car or by local school bus. A family would bring just about their entire belongings. Single people brought just the necessary things.

Living on a reservation is not an easy life, even if one is born and raised on one, as I was. The work is hard and long, or none at all. That is one of the reasons that some migrate to other places to seek work. Also education is at its minimum for the people. One must seek work at an early age to provide for his or her family until the next younger can take over. Then, and if the older one has ambition, he or she will seek a better life.

I have sought a better life for myself, but with lack of education it was very hard. As I said before, I started on a mink ranch. From there I came to the city, and worked in a factory as a maintenance man, picking up waste and mopping floors, until I was able to join the union and apply for a better position, receiving clerk to foreman. But being an outdoors person, I couldn't take working indoors. I put in an application at a local truck training school, saving money for it. I took the course which lasted two months. When I got my license to drive a truck, I went to every truck terminal I could find and so I got a job as a truck driver. My work took me all over the country which was very interesting to me.

After driving for some years, I had the chance to help Indian people and joined an American Indian Club and later became a member of the Board of Directors and worked on different Indian programs. I like working with and for my people. But it gets hard, for some of the funds are cut and it's just impossible to do it the way it should be done. You could only do so much with what you are given to work with.

Two Haitian migrant farmworkers, Vilnord and Gesner, tell of their lives, the reasons they left Haiti, and something of their present circumstances in the following "Vignettes . . . From Haitian Lives."

Vilnord:

When I was in Haiti, I used to be a fisherman. I have always lived by the sea. I feel peaceful when I am near the sea.

I left Ile a Vache in 1980. Our boat left from Les Cayes.

I was the pilot. After 16 days we arrived in Miami. We were put in a camp called Krome; we stayed there 3 days. After that, they put us in a hotel for about a month. Since I have been in America I have worked as a farm hand. I would rather be fishing. I came to America because other people who had left Ile a Vache wrote home saying good things about this country. They said that it was not hard to find a job here and they send money home. I thought that I could do the same and help my parents.

My father works the land and is a fisherman. My mother buys goods on the mainland and sells them at the market in Ile a Vache. I have five brothers and four sisters. They are all in Ile a Vache. We grew up in a *lakou**. My parents were very strict. We worked hard. I went to school for 2 years only. I had no time to go to classes. I can write my name though! I have not learned to speak English yet.

I live alone in Vero Beach. I cook Haitian food. I do not like American foods. I have never been *plase** and have no children.

Sometimes I get very homesick and wish that I was back home fishing. I also miss my parents and my brothers and sisters.

I wish that I could work as a fisherman here; I really love the ocean!

Gesner:

I left Haiti in August 1980. My sister and I came on the same boat. I had two brothers and another sister here already.

When I arrived in Florida, I spent a month at the Krome Detention Center; I tried to escape several times but the police always brought me back. Finally, one of my brothers who lives in Georgia and has a residence permit, acted as my sponsor and got me a job in a factory there.

I used to work the land in Haiti. We lived in a lakou that my mother inherited from her father. My father lives in his own *lakou**. He is a *houngan**; he does not have a big *chanprel**, but he treats illnesses. I never lived with him; he never paid much attention to his children. I don't know how many siblings I have on my father's side. He had several wives. From my mother's side I have 3 brothers and 3 sisters; not all from the same father. I also have a plase in Haiti. We have three children. I send them money regularly. A friend writes my letters and someone over there reads them to my wife. I also send money to my mother, my uncles and cousins, but the bulk goes to my wife and children. To make sure that the money is distributed the way I want, I also send instructions on a cassette. There can be no mistake that way and they can hear my voice. They send me cassettes too, with Haitian music! I also send pictures home and my wife sends me pictures of our children.

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* *lakou,* compound of interconnected buildings; *plase,* condition of cohabiting, as in common-law marriage.

* *houngan,* a Vodun priest; *chanprel,* or *shanpwel,* a cult group.

I am used to working the land, but this job does not pay very much. We are treated well though and I would not mind staying on. I like America but I miss my mother, my wife, children and relatives. It would be nice to go back for a visit!

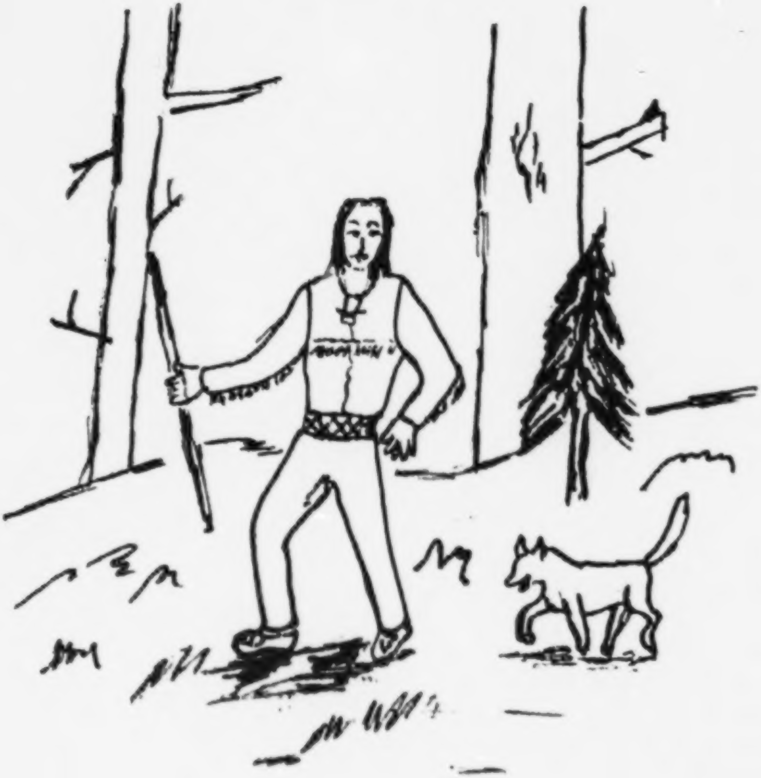
Folktales

As animals figure prominently in the lives of the Algonquin Indians, so are they prominent in their folklore. One of the many tales the Algonquin farmworkers tell is the story "How Man Got His Dog". This version told and illustrated by Maurice Wawatie.

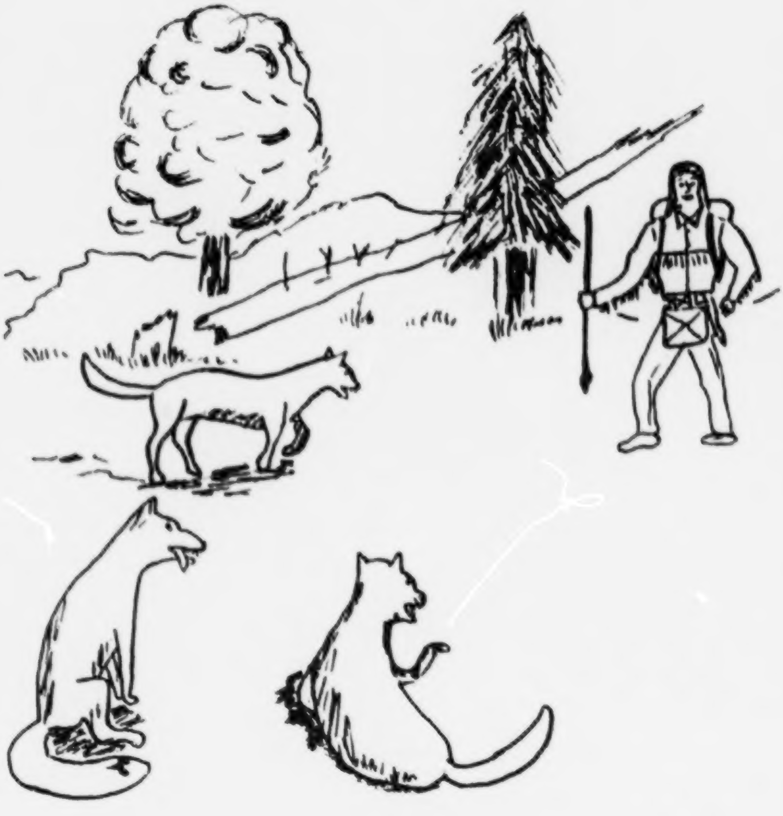
Long time ago, after the earth and animals and humans were made, a Spirit of the dog family appeared to these animals: wolf, dog and fox. They were told what to do and the kind of life they would lead. The Spirit spoke to them, "One of you will become a servant to Man. You will be his friend and do many things with him like hunting, working and playing. You will have to do whatever he commands you to do without objecting and he will come out of the woods over there." The Spirit pointed to a clear place where the Man would be coming out, and said, "But there is one thing you will have to do when you become the servant. You will have to pick up the scraps he throws to you and do not steal anything from him or bite, for he will punish you with anything he finds handy to hit with." Then the Spirit left.

So time went by and they were all waiting patiently and talking to each other. Once in a while they were all wondering which one of them would be chosen. The wolf said, "He wouldn't choose the fox because he steals too much." The fox said, "He wouldn't choose you either, you stink too much." "Oh, stop it," said the dog. "I'm sure the Man will make a good

HOW MAN GOT HIS DOG

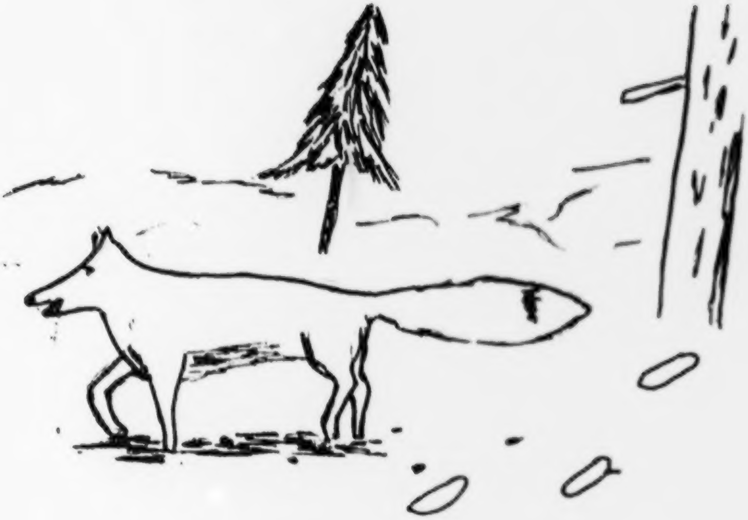


Drawing by Maurice Wawatie to accompany his rendering of the Algonquin folktale, "How Man Got His Dog."

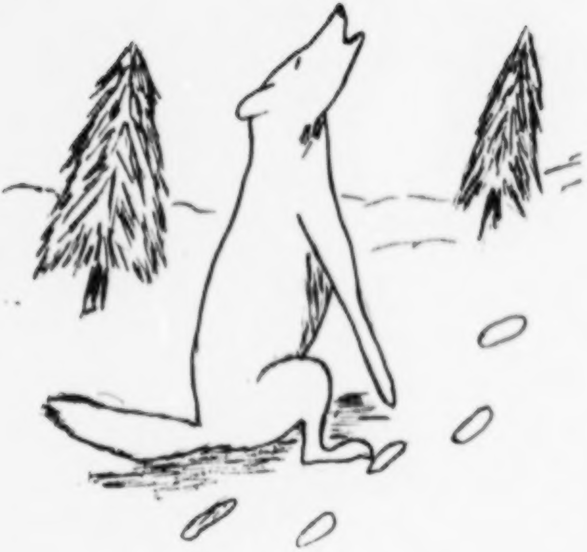


"Then all of a sudden a Man appeared from the place where the Spirit had pointed."

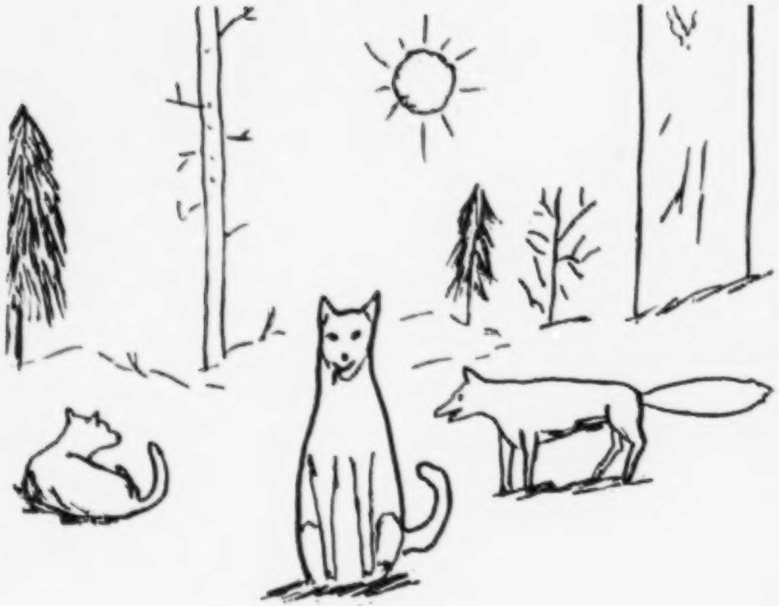
From "How Man Got His Dog," by Maurice Wawatie.



"The fox today still crosses man's tracks." Maurice Wawatie.



"That is why you can still hear the wolf howling. He is still crying because he could not be with the man." Maurice Wawatie.



The animals are still the same today. Maurice Wawatie.

choice," and they stopped and all waited again.

Then all of a sudden a Man appeared from the place where the Spirit had pointed. The Man was all dressed in buckskin and he had a spear in one hand and a tomahawk in the other. He wore a belt all in beads and on his back he carried a packed sack and on top of the sack was his bow and arrows. They knew this Man was an Indian. This excited them all, and made them nervous. The dog was more nervous than the others. He started whining and barking, running back and forth and he jumped up and down. Finally the dog ran up to meet the Man and started walking beside him. The dog would go ahead of the Man once in a while, smelling the things that were ahead of them. That is how Man got his first dog.

The fox got up, went to the place where Man made the tracks, sniffed the tracks and said, "Phew! Man's smell stinks!" and walked straight across. The fox today still crosses Man's tracks.

Then the wolf got up, went to the tracks, sat there for a while and looked at the Man and dog. They were having fun together. The wolf thought of how much fun he would have had if he had gone with the Man. This made him very sad and he started to cry; he howled and howled. Then he backtracked the Man's tracks and sat and cried again.

That is why you can still hear the wolf howling. He is still crying because he could not be with the Man.

The dog is still the same; he's still happy meeting his Master the same way he did when they first met.

And the fox is the same way too. He still thinks the Man's smell stinks, and crosses his tracks.

Recipes and Remedies

A unique contribution of the Haitian component of the Migrant Heritage Studies Kit is the recipe box which shares traditional recipes and methods of preparation of the Haitian workers, including the following recipe for Ti-Malice Sauce. Ti-Malice is a character in traditional Creole tales. The sauce is a hot sauce served with meat or fish.

Ti-Malice Sauce

¾ cup vinegar or lime juice
2 tbs. butter or oil
1 tsp. crushed garlic
½ cup chopped shallots or onions
1 tsp. chopped hot chili pepper

Marinate shallots or onions in vinegar or lime juice. Strain. Soften in butter or oil. Add other ingredients and simmer 10 minutes. Remove from heat. Add vinegar or lime juice and salt (1 tsp.) and hot pepper, to taste.

Serve hot with meat or fish.

Mexican Americans and American Indians set great store in the use of herbs not only for medicinal purposes, but also as cures for psychological and even financial woes. Many legends exist telling how man received his knowledge of plants and herbs from the spirits. Mexican American migrant farmworkers often travel with their own collections of dried herbs, including laurel (to relieve gas), flor de savco (for coughs), magnolia (for heart disease), oregano (used in tea for colds), rosa de castilla (for a laxative), and yerba buena (used in tea for stomach discomforts).

Poetry

Poems served as an additional vehicle of expression. The Migrant Center compiled four booklets of poetry by the workers. Following is a poem written by a child.

We pulled into the camp
We got off the bus, ran to the other side
of the building and picked our rooms
then we gof our clothes of the bus
and put them in the room.
When night came we went to bed early.

Cedric

A more stark view of migrant life is portrayed in the adult poems.

Someone I Know Very Well

I saw Truth just the other day
breakin his back in the fields.
EVEN THOUGH IT WAS AGAINST HIS WILL!

He knew he had to pay his bills,
he wanted to live.

I said, "Truth, how hard are the bills?"

"Very hard, harder than a lie;
lies are easy, easy as apple pie,"
Truth said. Then passed out
from aches and pain.

Gary McClelland
Luis Figuaroa

Shirley Edwards
James Wind
Shawn

Brown

A leather jacket, soft like fur.
A Mercedes, custom-made, rich as a millionaire.
Potatoes, ready to harvest.
The burlap bags make a hump in the field.
The ground as cold as ice.
Then the coffee to warm you up.
Caffeine to keep you awake —
Lively, smiling, talking, a party,
dancing, moving your body
like you're going to float.

Leonard

Tired is the Word for Being Rich

To work all day and come home at night,
to enjoy a meal, wash up, and sleep tight.
You have no thoughts of doing wrong
or other thoughts of joy, or sadness,
but only the peace of a quiet rest
at night.
The next day might be any of these
but tonight you don't worry what
tomorrow brings —
Accept what you are and do the best
you can, because the tired of the day
are the rich of the land.

Frank Clifton

About Me

It was farm,
fourteen miles outside the town,
with twin lakes.

Photo: Liz Boettger

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All I did was crop tobacco,
plant corn,
tend the pigs, two cows,
and then the season would be over with.

I was married on the farm.
Three children,
Kurt, Robin, and Andy.
Nineteen, sixteen, thirteen.
They're in Georgia.

We used to raise hogs,
and they still do,
my sister and brother-in-law.
See I left home.

O. D. Mitchell

Following A Dream

I've been shot
stabbed
poisoned,
following a dream

I've had my house
set on fire,
my wife and kid shot,
following a dream.

I got good at easy living
with a mailbox full of threats,
"If I can't get you, the closest
kin will do it!"

Following a dream.

Kemp, Robinson Camp

Untitled

I wish I was Superman.

I wish I was rich — I could get some of the
things I want.

I wish I could turn into a ghost. I could
go into places — no one would see me.

I wish I was a Greyhound bus driver so I
could see some of the world.

I wish I had a farm. I could get people
to pick tomatoes and potatoes.

When I get well this time I am going to be
myself again.

Roger

Bitterness

From the height of a mountain
This huge estate, a great living place,
Is but a humble, tiny house
Where one finds my great home.

From there I contemplate the great
scenery
With its coverings and its plains and at
the same time
Those trees that with their most beautiful
Splendor, dress up in golden color

On looking at the great landscape, I
would want
To be part of it, to live happily and
contented
Without any bitter and infinite sadness
Without any desire of ending my life

I am of those people who only live
crying
Because life has only offered me
Grief, jealousy, sadness and disillusion

Still I do not just understand myself
Not in one place nor in another am I
content
Although slowly I have pretended to be
outspoken
My heart is clothed with darkest funeral
black

I wander from place to place without
finding
Because curiosity doesn't let me rest
It is that I want to crave and look for
Things that still I have been unable to
find

Carolina Mata

At Fred's Camp

There are good people
on the 'tatoe row — but
pickin peppers, pickin' tatoes —
that's all I hear!
Wake up get up pick up
shut up
Too many ups!

Fred Anderson's Camp

Untitled

I wish I could get me more work
until we get ready to go back
down south so I can prove to
the boss lady that I did try.
Mrs. Clifford Finch

I wish I could start all over again
and be like I was when I was a
teenager but time has caught up
with me.
Things have changed.

I always thought that everything
was going bad for me.
But when you meet nice people
you just can't leave them like that.

Eddie Bell

Sadness

Seems as though it's been my friend
for so long, seems
as though it won't go,
seems as though it just grows.

Seems as though the new turns
to old, seems as though I'm old,
seems as though I shouldn't have been told,
seems as though I shouldn't have seemed at all.

Troy Parks

Maybe

Maybe I will not pick potatoes
Maybe I don't want to pick potatoes
Maybe I want to get drunk
Maybe I want to go back to Florida
Maybe I should have stayed at home
Maybe I will die

Luis Figuaro
Charlie Jenkins
Shirley Edwards
Lucia Jenkins

Shock

Now I remember the shock;
I live in my own world
like a shadow. No one sees me,
but I see them.

Now I remember the shock,
when they called me
and told me my loved one was dead,
it felt like death was upon me.

Now I remember the shock.
Now I remember the shock.

Tunafish
Minnie McNeal
Troy Parks

Cold

Workin potatoes,
peppers
cucumbers
workin'
any damn thing.

Cold
nothin
but cold,
cold that blows
your knee up
like a headache,
cold that swells
your bones with
misery
and you ache
more than clouds.

Kemp Robinson Camp

Getting Paid on the Weekend

Waiting in line
for hours
for the money
you've already earned
the music plays in your ears,
behind you are peers,
getting paid on the weekend

is just like having a friend

Evelyn M. Murray

Joy

mmm feels so good
mmm so good
mmm talking about this feeling
of joy that feel mmm this mmm
just talking about this mmm
this feeling of Love
mmm man lost in this feeling
called Love!

signed,
Joy

People Helping People

Sometimes we think our work is hard,
sometines we think our work is joy,
somethines there's no difference.
Sometimes we think other jobs are better,
sometimes we do work that's best for us.

To me, producing something that will feed
the body and mind is best.
It makes a better world when people
have their stomachs full and their
minds clear.

That's why I love farm work
because I know the greatest thing
in life is food.

WITHOUT FOOD THERE CAN BE NOTHING.
WITHOUT THE FARMWORKER THERE IS NOTHING.

So let's work together to enjoy our jobs,
let's help each other.

Frank Clifton

Photo: Liz Boettger

Photo: Liz Boettger

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Distance

My minds runs toward strange places
Remembering my childhood, and at the
same time
The past that I still consume
Perhaps by destiny of God

Seated in a corner of the room
My body and soul are absent
They go towards the work of the fields
Where unfortunately my parents are found

What a sad deception not to be able to
be with them
By their wanting to educate me, here I
am
For if God is willing and tomorrow
Perhaps I will have a better future
than they

I carry my brothers and sisters
Always in my mind
And I follow the advice of my
Parents definitively

Although distances separare us
They will be very deep in my heart

Carolina Mata

Untitled

I wish I could see my parents
I'd ask my mom how she's doin'.
I'd ask my father how my brother's doin'.

I wish people could understand me,
Why I do things like my work.

I wish all people could get along good;
to get all people, all colors,
to learn each other's ways.

I wish there were no taxes—
   but if there weren't it would
   create a lot of problems.

I wish I could give a man a lift
   everytime I got a chance to.
   I would see a man who's working like hell
   and not getting anyplace and I'd give him
   a hand or a touch on the shoulder.

I wish I was a minister.

I wish I could sit on the right hand of God—
   that my life was in the right perspective.

I used to wish I was a rabbit—
   but he runs too damn much.

I would be an oak tree.

It is a standing tree.

It can be used for so many things.

Randolph Wood

Age Sixty-five

The days would be longer,
the nights shorter
my footsteps faster.
I would just sit and rock
in my chair day after day.
At night I would drive to a movie
or read a book until I went to sleep.
The next day maybe I would window shop
or just take a walk.
Then one day my day shall come,
when I won't run and shop or walk and talk.
I will just rock and rock, day after day.

Tereatha Richardson

Love Me Blues

I feel like I'm in a deep freeze.
I feel like an animal,
a dog in the cold,
wiped out.
I feel like I'm far away in my own world.
I feel like I'm a lost cause
to society —
I feel like giving it up.
I've been tempted many times,
you understand,
but you still got to dance
to the music of life.
Do you think you could
hang in there
if you were me,
out on this limb
hanging on
in a deep dream?

Robert, Eddie, John C.,
Troy, Tyrone

Today Is The End

of the potato rows
It's hard to remember
where we began.
There have been toils
and tribulations
there have been misunderstandings
cold and rain
and misery.
But then there has been
love and understanding
and togetherness of a sort.
No matter how you look upon it
there have been bad days and good.
And if you don't understand this
I think you should:
today is the end

of the potato rows.

Warren Curry (Kojack)
Johnny
Donald North
Patricia Rodgers
Gilbert Yiodonna
Julio Yiodonna

Thus, the hard work, daily living, frustrations and dreams of the migrants come to life through their own words. By providing these experiences for us, the workers share their unique strengths and perceptions, and enable us briefly to share, vicariously, in their lives.

NEW YORK FOLKLORE
VOL. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Through the Poet's Eyes

Performance poet/folksinger Berrien Thorn heard about the Migrant Center's CAMPS program from the Poets & Writers' Sponsor List in 1982. He called to ask if we were interested in a "concert," saying he was greatly interested in migrant farmworkers.

Berrien, his wife and two children arrived at the Dansville airport, flown in by a friend, and I drove them to a Haitian camp near Castile. Barrien played and sang, sharing his marvelous collection of musical instruments with the workers. We had two interpreters that night, and before the second song ended everyone in the camp was either playing or singing along on the choruses, despite the language barrier.

On the ride back to Dansville, with the children sleeping in the piles of instruments, Berrien asked a hundred questions about the workers and the Center's programs to serve them. A month later a substantial check arrived, with a note from Berrien suggesting the money be used to help provide the blankets, socks and work gloves which are forever in short supply and so desperately needed each fall.

Since then Berrien has come to Geneseo every migrant season. He has slept on lumpy couches shared with cats and dogs, or in his truck, and often volunteered his time. Berrien is curator of the Neighborhood Musicmaking Museum, which has supplied funds for performances by musically talented workers. He has produced a record featuring several of his own songs written for and about the migrants, and donated the proceeds from sales to the Emily Mattera Memorial Fund for Migrant Farmworkers. The fund provides emergency money for such items as food, glasses, dentures, and clothing.

Last season Berrien appeared with boxes full of more than a thousand dollars worth of T-shirts, work pants and jackets donated by a silk-screening company in Michigan, where he now lives. He is presently arranging a fund-raising concert there.

What follow are his impressions, verbal and visual, from his seasons in the migrant camps.

— Sylvia Kelly

Field Notes

by

Berrien Thorn

Introduction:
My name is Berrien Thorn. I am a native of New York state. When I was 10 I apprenticed myself to a migrant worker named Jack Lloyd. In the years of the working seasons we spent together I learned to love the simplicity and independence of the itinerant life. Over the years this affinity to be portable and sufficient has carried me along and singing.

When the folk at Poets & Writers Inc. suggested I might perform for the literacy project I saw this as an opportunity to develop annual relationships with particular individuals and groups.

My job was to travel to the camps and give performances in the cookhouses. My repertoire was made up of songs Jack taught me, hobo, and Hank Williams, songs about camps and farms I had written, and songs I picked up in my work.

The following material is culled from this experience.

1. I am a newspaper for the illiterate. I bring the whispered word. I sing them their own stories as they were told to me. Set to a tune the word goes round, and when they recognize a camp they nod and grin, elbow the others into the know: "Hey, that's the hole where I got beat up last year!"

2. The men are worn and beat and want to kick back. They're slugging beers and playing poker for money. The atmosphere is a juke joint in Alabama. The music is a touch of home — easy as a handshake.

The women gather at the other end of the cookhouse and sing "About My Jesus". The music is a church; voices rise in their simplicity against the darkness.

3. The people here are always tired. Some old black man sits in the corner wiping the saliva from his white stubble with a stray hand. Three shirts on him, two ratty jackets and an overcoat, worn-out boots sizes too big.

Twenty years of cheap wine and potato dust can coat the eyes.

4. Brutal work stooping to pull potatoes from the muck is the bottom of this odd context. Going upright into the trees for fruit is the top.

5. The camp is a cluster of tiny shacks made of cinderblock and tin. One of them is the cookhouse; this is where I sing. The cookhouse has a large room with picnic tables, an old juke box, bare bulbs burning, and a small wire-meshed window through which the overpriced food they purchase from the crew boss is passed.

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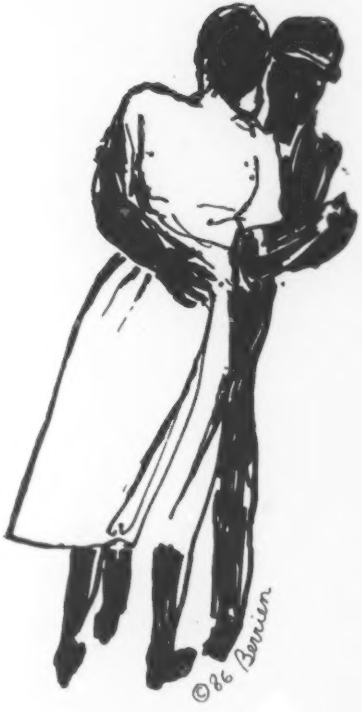
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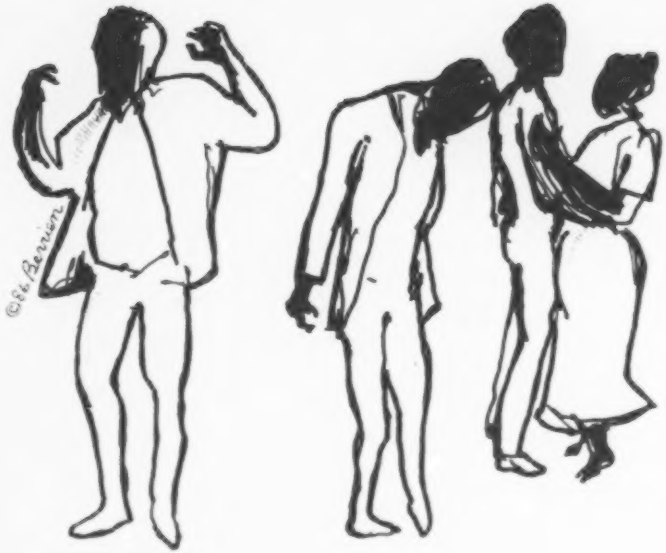
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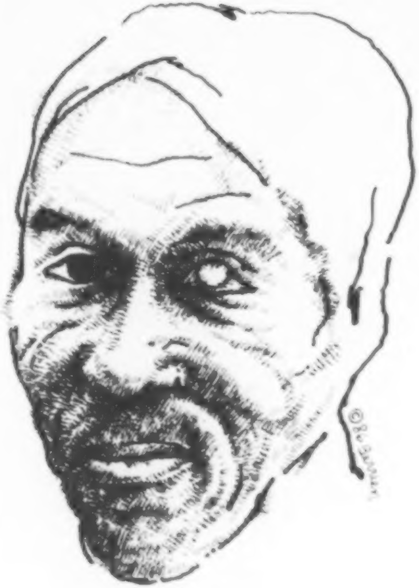

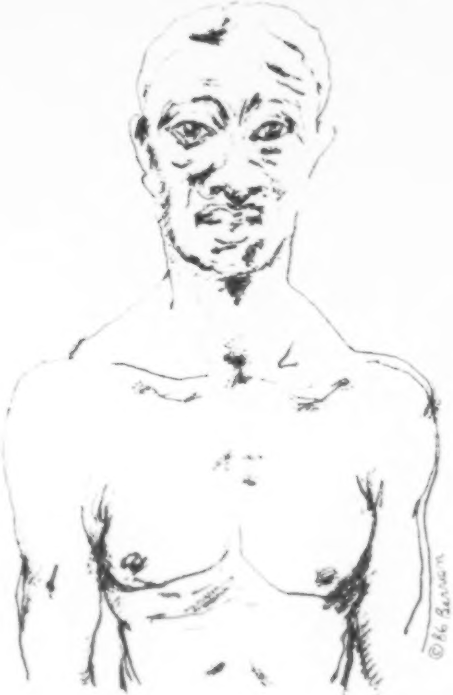

6. These little places are closed societies.

When I was a kid the old migrant I picked with taught me everything, from the basics of negotiating pay and the techniques of travel and work to the songs he would play me on his banjo at night.

Boredom was a preserver. Certainly the telling of stories was integral to surviving any evening's isolation without electricity.

This is only the life of prisoners, migrants and family farmers. These are definitely on my list of endangered species, as am I.

7. Some of these people come from Haiti. Crowded into tiny boats they floated toward the mysterious promise of America. They are possessed of pure primitive undertones. The non-Haitians are rural folk from Alabama and Georgia. A few of the men don't want their pictures taken; they are working in these fields because this is one of the few jobs left where you don't need a social security number.

8. When I improvise on my flute for the Haitians they look at each other and nod, saying the Creole words for 'bird spirit'. They know that the voice that was singing through the empty tube of the flute was not my person, but a spirit voice that sang through an empty self, my ego temporarily suspended, my shell possessed by a lesser god.

They recognize that voice; in the form of improvisational music, such as jazz, which is a black idiom, this does not feel so far from the truth of a moment when the musician has reached a trancelike state and 'lets loose.'

9. All these people showed an interesting affinity for my gourd banjo, sansas and pan pipes.

10. They are totally at the mercy of their environment, often miles from the nearest town, in hostile white redneck areas. You would think twice about quitting a job and walking away into this limbo.

11. God is bread. Red patent leather shoes.

A dental trailer that visits the camps is worth its weight in God.

Reviews

Recent Books on Folk Art

Between the Branches: Folk Art of Delaware County, New York. By Douglas A. DeNatale. Utica, N. Y.: Brodock Press, for Delaware County Historical Association and Roxbury Arts Group, 1985. (Pp. 72, foreword, b&w photographs,) $10.00 paper, available from Legacy Books, P.O. Box 494, Hatboro, PA 19040.

Singular Visions: Long Island Folk Art From the Late 18th Century to the Present. Edited by Alyce Assael and John Eilertsen. East Hampton, N. Y.: Guild Hall Museum, 1985. (Pp. 47, foreword, introduction, selected bibliography, b&w photographs.) $6.00 paper.

Folk Art in Texas. Edited by Francis Edward Abernethy. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1985. (Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, no. 45. Pp. 203, preface, index, illustrations, b&w and color photographs.) $35.00 cloth.

Southern Folk Art. Edited by Cynthia Elyce Rubin. Birmingham, Ala.: Oxmoor House, 1985. (Pp. xvi + 223, foreword, introduction, bibliography, catalog of illustrations, b&w and color photographs.) $35.00 cloth.

As more books on the contested domain of "folk art" are published, the clearer become the divisions between folklorists and art historians. Four recent titles — including two that deal with specific regions of New York State — neatly illustrate the battle lines. *Between the Branches: Folk Art of Delaware County, New York* and *Folk Art in Texas* are squarely in the camp of the folklorists. In contrast, *Singular Visions: Long Island Folk Art From the Late 18th Century to the Present* and *Southern Folk Art* tend more toward the art-historical approach.

By comparing *Singular Visions* with *Between the Branches*, one can see clearly the opposing points of view. Both books served as catalogs to exhibitions of local art. Both books also had the services of a visiting folklorist (coincidentally, the folklorist in each case happened to be a graduate student from the University of Pennsylvania). But the similarities cease at that point.

Between the Branches, admittedly, is a more ambitious undertaking than *Singular Visions*. Written by consulting folklorist Douglas A. DeNatale, *Between the Branches* has three introductory chapters: one describing "the folk art dilemma" facing both folklorists and art historians; a second providing a brief history of Delaware County (located on the western edge of the Catskills) and its people; and a third discussing the artists within the context of their community. The exhibition catalog that follows contains detailed information on both the artists and the objects, covering a variety of genres, including woodcarving, stone-carving, basketmaking, quilting, rugmaking, cabinetmaking, and painting. As DeNatale defines the term, folk art includes "those objects which were and continue to be produced within a self-defined community according to the established values and methods of the community. If a group rejects an artistic effort as alien because it is too idiosyncratic, or incorporates some method the group rejects, then that object cannot be considered folk" (p. 6).

The definitions in *Singular Visions*, on the other hand, are "deliberately broad and imprecise." As a result, the book features a number of artists (particularly from the twentieth century) whose work demonstrates precisely the kind of idiosyncratic effort that runs counter to commonly accepted notions of what is "folk." After all, if a work is the result of an artist's "singular vision" and "individuality of expression" (p. 7), it can't also be part of a community's values and methods. The authors — curator Alyce Assael and folklorist John Eilertsen — seem to be well aware of this contradiction, but pay it no mind.

The first half of their book, covering the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is devoted mostly to painting, but also includes quilts, decoys, weathervanes, samplers, and objects made by sailors. Here can be found the work of limners from Long Island, one of whom (Abraham G.D. Tuthill, b. 1776) claimed to have been a pupil of Benjamin West in London, and another of whom (Hubbard Latham Fordham, b. 1794) kept a portrait studio in New York City. Although Tuthill was not as polished as his teacher (indeed, few artists of that time were the equal of Benjamin West), it does not follow that Tuthill was a "naive" or "primitive," much less a "folk," artist.

Similar problems exist in the book's second half, covering nine "folk artists" of the twentieth century. Assael's essay notes that these painters and woodcarvers "tend to create a private world within our highly sophisticated environment — an insular, self-contained realm inhabited by the products of their uninhabited imaginations" (p. 27). Theirs truly is "a private world," bearing scant relationship to any surrounding community, folk or otherwise. Although Assael asserts in the book's Introduction that there are "patterns of continuity" from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, few if any such connections are established. Most of the artists surveyed here are just that: artists.

To be sure, there are a number of objects — particularly some of the paintings and woodcarvings — in DeNatale's book that appear equally idiosyncratic; but he at least makes an effort to place the artists within the context of Delaware County (admittedly a more distinct and recognizable "community" to work with than all of Long Island), and he also seems more willing to question the "folkness" of the art in question. A telling contrast lies in how each book treats what is commonly known as "tramp art." Assael and Eilertsen label their example a "tramp art box" and leave it at that. DeNatale calls his a "chip-carved case," noting (more correctly, from a folklorist's point of view) that chip-carving was a European tradition introduced in the U.S. through logging camps, and that "tramp art" has little to do with tramps.

The contrast of *Singular Visions* with *Between the Branches* is paralleled closely by Cynthia Elyce Rubin's *Southern Folk Art* versus Francis Edward Abernethy's *Folk Art in Texas*. Although Rubin's volume, like the two books on New York folk art, was written to accompany an exhibition, hers is a more ambitious undertaking, featuring lengthy essays written by folklorists and art historians on five genres: pottery, painting, sculpture, decorated furniture, and textiles. Abernethy's volume is somewhat similar in that respect, consisting of twenty-eight essays written by various contributors, including folklorists, geographers, artists, and English professors. But whereas Rubin seems concerned primarily with producing an art book, Abernethy's interests are more those of the folklorist.

The first essay in *Folk Art in Texas*, written by Abernethy himself, sets the tone for what follows. Discussing "Folk Art in General, Yard Art in Particular," Abernethy notes the artistic impulse that moves people to "elaborate, ornament, decorate, and personalize the utilitarian objects that are part of their lives" (p. 3). Although yard art — which includes such objects as bottle trees, tire planters, rock gardens, and decorated mailboxes — is generally ignored by the art-historian approach (after all, it is difficult to place such objects in a museum, much less sell them at auction), it is more highly favored by folklorists. The individual whose yard art relates to the surrounding neighborhood and community is a "folk artist." On the other hand, the individual whose yard art is too idiosyncratic, whose "singular vision" separates him or her from the surrounding community, can be labelled either "artist" or "crackpot" (depending on your subjective opinion), but not, by any stretch of the term, "folk artist." The other essays in this volume survey similar examples of folk art in Texas: graveyard decorations; customized automobiles known as "low riders"; cowboy hats; spurs; saddles; handkerchief art practiced in the San Antonio Jail; and more.

In contrast, most of the essays in *Southern Folk Art* seem concerned more with the beauty and design than with folk tradition. As Rubin explains in her Introduction, "what most [folk artists] had in common was that their works were aesthetically pleasing — alive with vigor and originality and with a strong emphasis on color, rhythm, and design" (p. xv). Folk art, as she defines it, is "a highly personalized art expression, although it may draw, perhaps even subconsciously, from traditional forms. Works are individual — each an odyssey of personal discovery" (p. xvi). Folklorists can be thankful, however, that not all the writers in Rubin's volume adhere to her view. The essay on pottery by Charles G. Zug III, for example, stands out from the rest for its emphasis on the regional and historical patterns of pottery making in the South. Zug pays attention not to the highly personal, but rather to the broader folk traditions, as well as to the various techniques (e.g., salt glaze vs. alkaline glaze) that have defined the art of Southern folk pottery.

What these four books tell us is that no single definition of "folk art" exists today, and that the folk art field is likely to remain a contested one for some years to come. Neither the folklorists nor the art historians/collectors seem willing to give up their rival claims (each of them going back at least half a century) to the adjective "folk." But perhaps there is some hope for reconciliation. Both *Singular Visions* and *Southern Folk Art*, while written primarily from an art-historical point of view, at least acknowledge the arguments of folklorists. Conversely, *Between the Branches* and *Folk Art in Texas* incorporate certain ideas from the art historians' approach to material culture. As more regional studies like these four are published, the battlefield observers will be watching for signs of fraternization (if not also collaboration) among the combatants.

James I. Deutsch
George Washington University
Washington, DC

Always in Season: Folk Art and Traditional Culture in Vermont. Edited by Jane C. Beck. Montpelier, VT: Vermont Council on the Arts, Inc., 1982. (Pp. 144, foreword by Ellen McCullough-Lovell, preface by Elaine Eff, acknowledgements, illustrations, b&w and color photographs, bibliography.) $14.95 soft cover.

Among folk art exhibition catalogues, *Always in Season: Folk Art and Traditional Culture in Vermont* is one of the more useful and interesting to become available in recent years. The attractive catalogue, published in 1982, is clearly a component of the interpretive scheme of the travelling exhibition of the same name, an exhibit that broke ground as the first state-wide examination of folk culture and traditional art produced by a New England state. The catalogue presents illustrations of artifacts from the exhibit in connection with five easily read and understood interpretive essays that expand upon major themes addressed such as the Native American legacy, farm and rural life, and the place of art in traditional Vermont cultures.

The historical research presented is both interesting and exciting and special effort is made to present specific folk artists with dignity and honor, as they would be presented in their own communities. Many of the artists might be considered local superstars in their given artforms and all are uncommonly adept at what they do. The essays consistently and successfully provide the sense of enduring traditions that simply does not work in most folk art exhibits and catalogues that also attempt to present the traditional cultures of a region over a long period of time.

Although it cannot replace the first-hand viewing of an exhibition, much can be gained from careful study of an exhibit catalogue of this quality. *Always in Season* is highly recommended for anyone who wishes to learn about either traditional Vermont material culture or folk art.

Daniel Franklin Ward
Seneca Falls, NY

To Market To Market. Edited by Lance Lee. Rockport, ME: Rockport Apprenticeship, 1984. (Proceedings of a seminar on marketing strategies and techniques for the wooden boat builder, pp. 68.) $7.50.

Having been funded by the National Foundation of the Arts Folk Arts Program, *To Market To Market* is strong evidence of the significance being attributed to marketing merchandise made by folk cultures or at least produced in a traditional manner. It, along with a peppering of special conferences, related A.F.S. panels, and the expressed concerns of applied folklorists, underscores the rising importance of both public sector folklore and the significance of effectively interfacing traditional crafts and the modern world.

Although a significant literature on marketing and folklore is being established (see *New York Folklore's* special issue, *Marketing Folk Art*, 1986, as an example), existing studies typically deal, in large part, with the negative potential of marketing strategies primarily aimed at pleasing the customer or ultimate consumer. *To Market To Market*, in contrast, is an unabashed cookbook or hands-on guide of how to apply the techniques of customer-oriented marketing methods to products crafted in a traditional way. Because the monograph plows new ground, a close look at it is useful in two ways. First, how well does the book accomplish its intended mission? Second, how appropriate is the monograph to the average applied forklorist?

Firstly, *To Market To Market* has all of the flaws of published conference proceedings which have not been satisfactorily rewritten before publication. Considerable editorial tightening and expansion would have been beneficial. As a result, the quality of the various articles is mixed. Nonetheless, such quality control problems do not irrevocably detract from the work.

Although the monograph earns a fairly high rating as a document, we must still ask if it is useful to the average folklorist involved in marketing the products of truly traditional people. To answer such questions we must ask if traditional wooden boat builders (the subject of *To Market To Market* and its primary client group) are typical folk analogous to the subjects of most folklorists. Frankly, this is not the case.

Although wooden shipbuilding is a traditional craft, the target market of *To Market To Market* are craft revivalists, not enclaves of traditional people. This is overtly stated in the "Historical Perspective:" the author expects his readers to be "a new generation . . . the outcome of the traditional small craft revival" (p. 9). Thus, *To Market To Market* does not address itself to traditional people (as cultural conservationists usually use the term).

Furthermore, although they love their work and what they produce, traditional wooden boatbuilders seem to be comfortable embracing a hard core "business" orientation. The reader is advised, for example, "The best salesman is the one who knows when to shut up . . . when you get the order, take the money and run" (p. 40). As we know, many traditional people are not able to "take the money and run," when they are selling their heritage; in many cases, doing so would not be in traditional people's long term emotional or financial best interests.

In sum *To Market To Market* does not address the needs many traditional craftspeople face, nor does it address the plight of folklorists attempting to manage the culture change so often wrought by marketing relationships thrust upon a people by the outside world.

To Market To Market, therefore, is useful to its target market which constitutes traditional boatbuilders who are not truly a "folk" group. Being essentially mainstream people, the needs of revivalist boatbuilders are far removed from those of traditional people. For that reason *To Market To Market*, although useful, must be read with the realization that it fails to deal with the impact of uncontrolled marketing strategies upon traditional people. If this is realized and taken into account, folklorists which help traditional people in marketing their heritage will get some useful pointers. Folklorists should not forget, however, that "getting the sale" is only a part of their professional obligation.

A. H. Walle
University of Akron, OH

Spirit of the New England Tribes: Indian History and Folklore, 1620-1984. William S. Simmons. Hanover and London: University Press of New

England, 1986. (xi + 331 pp.) paper.

This book contains a great deal of information which should prove of interest not only to folklorists, anthropologists, and historians, but to Native Americans and anyone interested in the history of New England. Chapter 2 contains an extended discussion of the history of contact of Southern New England Algonquian communities while Chapter 3, entitled "Worldview," describes various religious practices as gleaned from early historic accounts. For anyone seeking information on the Native Americans of New England, these chapters should prove a useful supplement to the Smithsonian's Northeast volume (Bruce Trigger, *Handbook of North American Indians*, Vol. 15, 1978). It should be noted, however, that the term "tribes" in the title is used loosely, since the groups discussed range from chiefdoms to loosely knit recent communities.

The bulk of the book is devoted to transcriptions of Southern New England folklore, which consists largely of memorates and legends. The texts were drawn from a variety of sources, including early colonial writings, unpublished manuscripts, and the author's own field research. Simmons was fortunate to have secured some unpublished field notes from Gladys Tantaquidgeon, an elderly Mohegan who studied anthropology with Frank Speck.

The texts are presented in eight chapters entitled: "The First Europeans," "Christianity," "Shamans and Witches," "Ghosts and the Devil," "Treasures," "Giants: Maushop and Squant," "Little People," and "Windows to the Past: Dreams and Shrines." The texts are arranged in chronological order within each chapter. Unfortunately this sometimes results in the separation of some variants of the same legend, but it remains the most logical arrangement, given the author's goal of understanding changes over time. The chapters containing the texts have a repetitious quality, since they contain variants of the same memorates and legends. While many of these variants may be of interest only to the serious researcher, even the casual reader is rewarded at the end of each chapter with short but insightful interpretations of the trends implied by the texts.

The significance of this work is twofold. On the one hand, it is a solid contribution to scholarship. Simmons relates changes in folklore over time to historical events, thereby highlighting the dynamic nature of folklore. His basic interpretations strike this reviewer as sound, and they enlarge our understanding of Native American adaptation. On another level, this book can be taken as a testimony to the resilience of the human spirit. Simmons argues that folklore ". . . is the primary domain where an Indian spirit survives" (p. 270), providing ". . . the major vehicle for expressing and perpetuating a persistent Indian identity" (p. 267). This book is a celebration of that spirit.

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE
Vol. XIII, Nos. 1-2, 1987

Correspondence and Commentary

> *Editor's Note:* This is a newly instituted section of *New York Folklore,* intended for letters to the Editor and other forms of substantive reaction to, or commentary or elaboration upon material published in recent issues (*i.e.,* within the past calendar year). The major criterion for inclusion of material in this section will be *substantive contribution to folklore studies,* within the general framework of our Editorial Policy, as summarized inside the back cover of every issue.

History and Regional Identity

> (The following note was received from David S. Cohen, of the New Jersey Historical Commission. A copy was sent to Sue Samuelson, who declined to respond. — Ed.)

Sue Samuelson's review of my book *The Folklore and Folklife of New Jersey* in a recent issue of *New York Folklore* (XII, 3-4, 1986:168-70) raises several major issues and one minor issue.

The first issue involves the identity of large places, such as a region of a state. Samuelson faults the book for not giving "an adequate account of the forces which mold state identity nor of the performances that display it." She suggests that "despite the neat spatial boundaries provided by a political division, such clarity rarely replicates itself in social and cultural terms" and that "at a certain level . . . not only does the space become too big but the number of people being considered is unmanageable as well." The implication is that it is safest only to study folklore at the level of the small group.

However, folklore can provide insight into the identity of a state or a region. As I note in the book, while the cultural boundaries of New Jersey are not the same as its political boundaries, the particular interaction of peoples and places gives New Jersey its identity. This identity is the sum total of these peoples and places. To reduce this complicated identity to a simple image is to create a stereotype.

This brings me to the second point, which is about stereotypes. Samuelson faults my treatment of the Jersey joke and my stated intention to use "folklore against folklore," that is, to use the identity embodied in the folklore about New Jersey. Samuelson states that "derogatory comments and jokes serve very real functions. Cohen is mistaken if he assumes that such items can be eliminated simply by discussing other genres of folklore from a place." I have no illusions about eliminating stereotypes held by people who don't live in New Jersey and who don't know New Jersey very well. But the fact remains that folklore has the capability to convey both stereotypes and a more intricate understanding of the identity of peoples and places. This is what I have tried to show in the book.

The third issue concerns the intended readership of the book. Samuelson questions whether I was addressing academic or popular readers, New Jersey residents or outsiders, folklorists or historians. She then explains this alleged "lack of clear focus" by the fact that I work for the New Jersey Historical Commission. I have always believed that there is no reason why academics can't write for a popular audience and popular writers can't be informed by academic scholarship. Furthermore, I believe that folklorists who ignore history and historians who ignore folklore do so to their own disadvantage. I do not emphasize the relationship between folklore and history because I work for a historical commission, I work for a historical commission because I choose to emphasize the relationship between folklore and history.

Finally, Samuelson takes issue with two sentences I wrote about the Grasshopper War Indian "folktale." I wrote the following: "In New Jersey historical time begins relatively recently with the coming of the Europeans circa 1600, and thus the Lenape Indian legends take place in the relatively recent past. The Grasshopper War folktale is a legend." Sanuelson critiques these sentences as follows: "A folktale is not a legend. Indians have a history prior to European contact."

Without getting into a debate about different definitions of the genres of folktale and legend, suffice it to say that these sentences were written in the context of a discussion about the difference between American Indian myths and legends. I took the position that legends are set in historic time and/or are told about historic persons. I also noted that the dividing line between historic time and prehistoric time in New Jersey is the coming of Europeans circa 1600. This statement is based on the fact that the Lenape Indians did not have a written language, and history usually is based on the written, as opposed to the spoken, word. Thus, what anthropologists John Witthoft and others have called "the Grasshopper War folktale" is a legend, because it is set in historic time.

In her conclusion, Samuelson argues that my book has two flaws: 1) "too much emphasis on history at the expense of contemporary folklore performances" and 2) "the conflict between the author's belief in a state identity and the failure to establish its existence through folklore." While it may sound contrary, I do believe that my emphasis on history is a strength, not a weakness, and that I do establish the identity of New Jersey through its folklore. However, other readers will have to judge for themselves who is right.

Sue Samuelson's review has provided me with the opportunity to address some questions about folklore and history that need to be aired.

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NEW YORK FOLKLORE

The Journal of the New York Folklore Society

Information for Contributors and Guide to Style. (Revised 1987).

EDITORIAL POLICY

Articles submitted to the Editor should represent original contributions to folklore studies. While maintaining an emphasis on the folklore of New York State, the Editor welcomes articles based on the folklore of any area of the world. Articles contributing to the theory, methodology, and geography of folklore are especially welcome, but the journal also publishes purely descriptive articles in the ethnography of folklore, and provides a home for "orphan" tales, narratives, songs etc. Contributors of the latter are urged to provide as much contextual information as possible.

The Editor reserves the right to reject or return for revision any material submitted, on the grounds of inappropriate subject matter or failure to conform to stylistic guidelines. Authors of rejected material will be informed of reasons for rejection and, where appropriate, will be offered suggestions of other periodicals to which they might submit.

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Categories

Articles. Papers submitted as Articles are evaluated by the Editor and two outside referees, on the basis of the following criteria: originality; significance to the theory, methodology, geography, or ethnography of folklore; and clarity and conciseness of prose style and organization. Articles based on original field or library research must describe clearly the methodology used in obtaining and selecting data upon which the paper is based. Articles normally should not exceed 7,500 words, including notes and bibliographic references (see below). Authors of longer manuscripts should justify their length, and obtain permission from the Editor, in advance of submission.

Folklore Notes. This category is for brief and specific items, including short pieces with narrow focus; substantive research reports; scholarly observations on or reactions to material previously published in NEW YORK FOLKLORE (but see "Correspondence and Commentary" below); personal reminiscences and anecdotal material; isolated tales, narratives, songs, etc.; and other pieces which are deemed by the Editor or outside referees as important but not of sufficient breadth or depth to be published as Articles.

Reviews of Books, Recordings, Films, etc. Material for review in NEW YORK FOLKLORE is selected on the basis of its general relevance to folklore studies, having potential interest to a wide audience; or to the folklore of New York State. Persons wishing to submit reviews of recent material should contact the Reviews Editor in advance, giving full bibliographic information and a brief statement of the material's focus, potential audience, and significance. The review itself should be headed by full bibliographic information, set and punctuated as follows (Items in parentheses are included if applicable): Title. By/Edited by Author's/Editor's full name (Translated by ____________, Foreword by ____________ etc.) Place of publication: Publisher, year. (No. of pages, no. of color and b/w photos, maps, figures, tables, etc., preface, bibliography, index. Title of series and number of this work, any other relevant information.) US $ cost, paper and/or cloth. Consult a recent issue of this journal or the *Journal of American Folklore* for examples. Reviews normally should not exceed 750 words. Unsolicited reviews and/or proposals for reviews will be evaluated by the Reviews Editor and by outside referees where appropriate.

Review Essays. Occasionally a general work (or a number of recent works on aspects of the same topic) may be potentially so significant or controversial as to justify its being the focus of an article-length essay. Authors of review essays should contact the Reviews Editor in advance of submission, giving full bibliographic information and an abstract of the essay of about 200 words which should indicate the reviewer's approach (e.g. historical, comparative, ethnological, geographical, etc.), the significance of the work discussed, and some other works of the same or similar genre which will be cited. Unsolicited review essays will undergo a review process similar to Articles.

Correspondence and Commentary. Short but substantive reactions to or elaborations upon material appearing in recent issues of NEW YORK FOLKLORE (i.e. within one calendar year) — e.g., material received as "letters to the Editor" — may occasionally be published under this category, at the Editor's discretion. A copy of such material may be sent to the author of the material being addressed, with the Editor's invitation to respond; if a response is received, both pieces would be published together. Any subject may be addressed or rebutted *once* by any correspondent. The principle criterion for inclusion of material in this section is whether, in the opinion of the Editor and/or the Editorial

Board, it 1) constitutes a *substantive contribution to folklore studies,* within the general guidelines of our Editorial Policy as summarized in the first paragraph of this Guide, and 2) it would likely be of interest to our general readership.

Submission of Material

All material submitted to NEW YORK FOLKLORE must be typed double-spaced on white non-erasable paper, on one side of a sheet only. A separately typed abstract of about 75 words should accompany each Article or item intended as a Note. Tables should appear separately from the text, numbered consecutively. All pages of the ms., including Notes and References Cited, but excluding any cover pages, should be numbered consecutively. *The original and two copies of all textual and tabular material, including the abstract, should be submitted.* Text figures (drawings, charts, maps, photographs) should be clean and sharp and ready for publication. The original ms. and text figures will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage.

STYLE

Language. All material must be submitted in English. The Editor cannot arrange for translation of foreign language material. Native language terms which are not easily rendered in English should be left in their original, italicized by underlining, with necessary *and correct* orthographic marks, and with a concise parenthetical English gloss. Spelling of English words will be Americanized by the Editor, but the author, not the Editor, bears responsibility for correct spelling and orthographics of non-English words.

For general stylistic guidelines, authors should consult. *A Manual of Style,* 13th Edition (The University of Chicago Press), with the exception of the style of footnoting and bibliographic referencing, which follows what has come to be known as "social science style," as follows:

Notes: Footnotes are numbered consecutively by superscript within the text, and appear as Notes at the end of the ms., beginning on a new sheet. If a brief explanation of the history of the paper, and/or acknowledgments, are desired, they should appear, *without* superscript number, as the first paragraph of Notes. Notes are to be used only for additional material which cannot conveniently be incorporated into the text, and should be as brief as possible. Notes may contain additional bibliographic references, in the format discussed below. All pages of Notes should be numbered, as stipulated under "Submission of Material," above.

References Cited. References to work *actually used* in the preparation of the ms. are cited parenthetically within the text, by author's last name, year of publication of the edition used, and page numbers if appropriate, e.g.,

Alan Dundes (1965:1-3) has argued that . . .
It has been suggested that . . . (Brunvand 1976:31-33)
As Levi-Strauss expressed it," . . . (1976:17)
. . . Lord Raglan's hero traits (Raglan 1934).
(See Stevens 1978 for a discussion of . . .)

Full bibliographic data are typed separately as References Cited at the end of the manuscript, beginning on a separate sheet, alphabetically by author's last name, e.g.

Brunvand, Jan
1976 Folklore: A Study and Research Guide. New York: St. Martin's Press.

Dundes, Alan, ed.
1965 The Study of Folklore. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall.

Levi-Strauss, Claude
1976 Structural Anthropology. Vol. 2. Monique Layton, trans. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Raglan, Lord
1934 The hero of Tradition. Folklore 45:212-31. *In* Alan Dundes, ed., The Study of Folklore. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice Hall, 1965, pp. 142-57.

Stevens, Phillips, Jr.
1978 The Uses of Oral Traditions in the Writing of African History. Tarikh (a journal of the Historical Society of Nigeria) 6, 1:21-30. Special issue on Historical Method, R.S. Smith, ed.

All material cited, including archival material, records, tapes, and films, are to be listed in similar fashion. Note that titles are neither italicized nor set off in quotation marks. The issue number of a journal is necessary when pagination is not continuous throughout the volume. If the edition of a work used is later than the original, but it is important to include the date and place of publication of the original, it may be given at the end of the reference, in parentheses, e.g., (orig. London: Routledge, 1910). A date should be given or estimated for unpublished material (avoid "n.d."); material in process of publication should be dated by the year of expected publication, with the phrase "in press," in parentheses, after the publisher's name. References Cited are paginated, as are Notes.

The references above are cited as sample guidelines, representing some of the most frequently used forms. The number of possible variants, however, is great. Bibliographic references should be at once specific and economical; but where there is doubt about relevance or proper format, all data should be included and the Editor will effect the final arrangement.

OTHER INFORMATION

Galley proofs of all material except Reviews will be sent to authors to be checked for typographical errors and to be returned promptly. Any textual changes to galley proofs may incur extra expense for which authors may be liable. Full instructions for editing galleys, including a deadline by which they are to be returned by first class mail, will be sent with the proofs.

Offprints (with the exception of Reviews) in the form of separates may be purchased by authors; price information and order forms will be sent upon publication.

Authors of Articles, Notes, and Reviews will be sent one complimentary copy of the issue in which their contribution appears, and may purchase additional copies at a discount.

Authors are asked to cooperate as closely as possible with all guidelines stipulated above. The Editor will make minor changes, but numerous or major lapses in style will necessitate returning manuscripts to the authors and may delay publication.

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NOTES

NEW YORK FOLKLORE

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